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TWO HANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

They strolled together, laughing boys,
Along the murmuring river,
And talked of plans of life, and said:
"We will be friends forever."

A careless step—the water splashed—
"Help!" cried one to the other.
A strong hand came. "Thanks, I am safe,
My friend and more than brother."

Their ways diverged, and many years
They passed as fortune's rangers;
The more than brothers had become
But little less than strangers.

At last they met. The hand that saved
The other from the water
Now wore a fetter, and was red
With dye of human slaughter.

"Guilty!" was what the jury said;
In dire irresolution,
The drowning hand, all trembling, signed
The writ of execution!

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR,
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI—CONTINUED.

When Mr. Burt went back to the so-called hotel where they had managed to find accommodation of a sort, Madeline Vere was waiting for him with eager, frightened eyes.

"Come here," she said; "here, where no one can hear us. Have you seen him?"

"Yes!"

"And are you sure? Is it the man that you and I knew who lies dead there?"

"I think so—I am almost sure."

"Not quite?"

"No. I don't think anyone could be sure, except from the clothes and the circumstances of the case. The shirt is the main evidence. It is an awful thing! It seems like a just retribution."

"How?"

"For what passed long ago. As I saw his poor young wife battered out of all semblance of humanity, so I have seen him to-day."

Madeline Vere put her hands over her eyes and shuddered.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she said. "You forget my part in that wretched business—not such a guilty one as you thought, but I was guilty. I was proud of being able to attract him—vain of the thought that he found my home brighter and more cheerful than his own. It is horrible to think of—horrible!"

"Forgive me! I had forgotten for the moment," Mr. Burt said gently. "Do not let us speak of it any more. He is dead—let his faults die with him. I must think what can be done for that poor young fellow. I don't know why I think him innocent, but I do. I feel sure there is some mistake—some muddle; but there has been so much rowdyism here of late that they are determined to make an example, and I'm very much afraid they'll hang him without the ceremony of a trial."

"How dreadful! I should like to see him."

"Wilfred Banton? You don't know him, do you?"

"I don't mean him. I mean the—the man who is killed."

"My dear girl, you do not know what you are asking."

"Yes, I do."

"You could not bear the sight. It is horrible—too horrible almost for a strong man. It would make you ill."

"Not worse than horrible doubt and apprehension would do. Manage it for me if you can. I do not believe this man is dead."

"My dear, are you not giving way to morbid fancies?"

"I think not. I believe that Hugh Pierrepoint walks the earth, still free to do more evil, and bring ruin and disgrace on all who trust him. You say this poor corpse cannot be identified?"

"As certainly as is possible. It wears the clothes that Henry Parkes had on when he walked about Ballarat, and made acquaintance with many people here. There's no one else missing, and the torn shirt is conclusive."

"I don't know," she said wearily. "Such strange things happen sometimes. I can identify him, if you will let me see him."

"You?"

"Yes."

"But how? His dearest friend could not speak to a feature of his face."

Madeline Vere burst into passionate tears, and hid her face in her hands.

"If it is Hugh Pierrepoint that has met this dreadful fate, I could identify him unless he were cut to pieces, and perhaps then," she said. "Are you sure he and Henry Parkes were the same man?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I shall know him."

"How?"

There was no answer but the sound of her convulsive weeping for a minute or two, and then she checked her sobs and dried her tears.

"Listen," she said. "If you will manage that I shall see the dead man, I believe that young fellow will come off scot-free. I do not believe Hugh Pierrepoint is dead. If he is—if he lies there—he has a mark upon his arm that I could swear to anywhere."

"What is it?"

"My initials," she said in a low tone, "marked indelibly just here," indicating the place on her own arm. "He did it one night in my house, when there had been some talk about tattooing and so forth. He swore that he would have my name about him when he died, as Queen Mary declared she would have Calais written upon her heart. It was done under the skin with a thread wetted with something. It would never come out unless the skin were removed."

Mr. Burt communicated with the authorities, and Miss Vere had her wish. The sight was made as little painful as possible to her. The ghastly evidence of murder was carefully covered up, and Mr. Burt supported her while an official ripped up the sleeves of the coat and exposed the arms of the corpse. Her suspicions were unfounded. Her fancy, whatever it was, had no foundation. It was Hugh Pierrepoint beyond a doubt. There were the letters she herself had seen him make in her London drawing-room, so long it seemed ago, when he had sworn, in his guilty madness, that he loved her better than anyone else on earth—better than the patient wife who was waiting wearily for his coming in her lonely home.

It was all long past now; but it was horrible that their first meeting after long separation should be like this, and if Mr. Burt had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen fainting to the ground after her faintly-uttered answer to the question put to her about the identity of the corpse.

CHAPTER XVI.—NEWS FROM BEYOND THE SEA. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead—sure nothing else! the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man.—SHAKESPEARE.

There were enough people to identify Henry Parkes as he lay dead without the testimony of Madeline Vere that he was the man she had known in England as Hugh Pierrepoint. Perhaps the only person who had seen the mark in Australia was the man who was accused of his murder. Wilfred Banton had often seen it and remarked upon it, but Henry Parkes had evaded all mention of when and how he came by it.

"Never put a mark on yourself, youngster, that you can't rub out," he said. "If ever the time comes that you want to lose yourself, half a dozen people are sure to start up and swear to you. I'd burn the thing out but that it would leave a brand that would be as remarkable as the letters."

They looked somewhat faded and dim now on the dead arm, but they were there. It was Hugh Pierrepoint who lay dead before her, Miss Vere declared; there could be no doubt of that, though the marking had changed its color.

"It was a deep blue when it was done," she said, "and they told me it was like the tattooing stuff used by the New-Zealanders, and would never change. I suppose time has worn it out."

"Death changes most things," Mr. Burt said gravely; "doubtless it has changed this."

"I can't believe that boy killed him," was Miss Vere's next remark.

"Nor I."

"What is your idea on the subject?" she asked.

"The same as yours," Mr. Burt replied in a low tone.

"You think that man—the uncle—is guilty?"

"I do. I think I understand now why he was so agitated, and why he wanted to help this unfortunate lad without appearing in the matter. If we could only have known earlier, and prevented his escape."

"But what could his motive have been? A rich man, with more money than he knew what to do with, by all accounts, to murder a poor one—at least, I am supposing that the dead man was poor."

"I believe he was. I should think it was most likely a quarrel."

Mr. Burt had a long interview with the magistrates before he left Ballarat, and found that the idea was already gaining ground that Wilfred Banton was being wrongly accused.

If this Graham Goldburn had nothing to do with the murder, why had he gone away, and why, when he got back to Melbourne, had he been so strangely perturbed and odd in his manner? There were others who could swear to that fact besides Mr. Burt. The waiter at the hotel had seen him writing some letters, and noticed that his hand shook so that he could hardly hold the pen.

The note that he had addressed to his nephew, and which at first had seemed to speak all too plainly of Wilfred's guilt, now began to appear as if written purposely to throw suspicion on him. Its purport was that the writer had seen the murder committed, and had gone away secretly for fear of being obliged to bear witness against his sister's son. But a man was found who testified to the younger man's having been fast asleep in the hut, and to someone else's moving about during the night; and one or two other things helped to make the matter doubtful, and the affair ended in Wilfred's being set at liberty, and finding his way back to Melbourne as sad and disconsolate a young fellow as ever stepped.

Mr. Burt hunted him up and told him of the money his uncle had left him.

"I don't want his money," said Wilfred passionately. "He has ruined me. He seemed cordial and kind enough when he met me first, and talked of mother, and loving me for her sake. Bah! What kind of love could it be to go away and leave me burdened with a murderer's crime—his own? And I am to suffer for it. Take away the money—I would rather starve!"

"But what are you going to do, my lad?" asked Mr. Burt kindly.

"Do! Starve, rot, die in the streets—go to the bad headlong. What does it matter?"

"It does matter a great deal. For your mother's sake—and you have a good one—you say ——"

"The best that man ever had."

"Then live this slander down. The truth will out some day."

"Maybe, when I have died of the shame of the falsehood. What would you have me do?"

"I would have you go home to your parents, tell them everything, meet this uncle of yours face to face, and deny the charge he has left you burdened with. The more boldly a thing is met, the more easily it is crushed!"

But Wilfred could not be persuaded to this course.

"I think it would break my mother's heart to see me with such a charge hanging over me," he said. "No, Mr. Burt, I will never go home till I have cleared my name and theirs from this foul shame. It is hard to think I am accused of killing the man who befriended me—for Henry Parkes was very good to me. What motive could I have had for such a deed?"

"They say you was drunk."

"So I was—more than drunk. I was dead to everything. It was something they gave me to drink before they went out that did it. Poor Parkes must have had a presentiment that something was going to happen, for he gave me his watch and pocketbook to keep safe for him."

"Of his own accord, or did your uncle suggest that he should?"

"Not that I know of—I did not hear him. I have thought and thought till my brain is almost turned, and I can see no daylight in the matter at all. If it had been my uncle who was killed, now, I could have understood it. He had lots of money about him."

Mr. Burt cast about for some way of helping Wilfred, in whose innocence he had come firmly to believe. It was difficult to do it in Melbourne, where the murder at Ballarat, and the curious circumstances attending it, were the current topics of conversation at present. It was Madeline Vere's woman's wit which struck upon a way. Why should he not go upon the stage? He was good-looking and intelligent, and could sing a little, besides being a fair musician. Part of the company from Sydney were going to Calcutta. Let him change his name and go with them. They were short-handed, and would be glad of such an acquisition to their company.

A little money does wonders, backed by powerful recommendation, and both Mr. Burt and Miss Vere were persons of consideration. A very few weeks took the sharpness out of the sting of what had happened, and made him willing to face the world once more. When the company from Sydney sailed for Calcutta, they carried with them Mr. William Burgess, engaged for general utility and singing. Wilfred Banton had disappeared into the past, and was soon forgotten by the scandal-mongers.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT HELEN POMFREY THOUGHT OF MISS VANE.
Who lost Marc Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
—OTWAY.

Some weeks afterwards Mrs. Banton received two letters from different parts of the world, the contents of which filled her with dismay. They came on the same day, as though they had been written in concert, though nothing was farther from the truth.

"Willie's hand," she said to her husband with delighted tenderness in her voice, and she put aside her boy's letter till she had read the other.

Mr. Banton refrained from opening it. He knew the mother's keen pleasure in the first opening of her boy's letter, and he could wait. He was alive and well, of course, or the letter would not be there.

"This is from Graham," Mrs. Banton remarked as she tore open the other envelope. "Cape of Good Hope! What can he be doing there?"

The letter was puzzling. It was somewhat constrained, and the style was not so free and easy as Mr. Goldburn's generally was. The worthy squatter had been accustomed to write pretty much as he talked. This letter was carefully worded, as though he had been practicing "the polite art of letter-writing," or had become suddenly alive to his own rough and ready manner of expressing himself.

Mrs. Banton understood the stiffness and constrained manner before she had come to the end of the paper.

"MY DEAR JANE," it began—he had never called her anything but "Jennie" before—"you will wonder at receiving a letter from me with this postmark, and I am afraid you will both wonder and grieve at the news you have to read in it. I hope you will be able to read it, by the way, for I have had a fit of rheumatism and ague since I came to this place, which has left my fingers so cramped I can scarcely hold a pen. I hardly know how to break the news I have to tell you, and yet it must be done. I left Australia that I might not have to bear witness against your son, who, unless he escapes by some lucky chance, has before this been accused of a terrible crime. I had sold Nic-Nac Gap, as stated in my last letter to you. I was about to visit you, and was just starting from Melbourne when I received a letter from him. He had come to his last penny, and was living with the keeper of a billiard-saloon—a good enough fellow in his way, as I found afterwards, though no fit companion for my sister's son. The man is dead, and ere this my nephew will have been accused of his murder. Had I stayed I should have been obliged to tell what I knew, what I saw, though of what led to the affair I am profoundly ignorant; and I took what seemed to me the best course, and came away. Don't think me heartless. There were other reasons for my leaving Australia, which I cannot explain now. I left one hundred pounds for the boy's use in the hands of a Mr. Burt, a well-known English actor, who was at Melbourne when I left, and who promised to befriend Wilfred if possible. I don't think you need fear the worst. Justice is very lax in Australia, and at Ballarat there are many loopholes in the management of the laws through which an accused person can creep. I hope by the time you get this you will have heard from the boy himself, or from the person I asked to be his friend.

"This terrible affair has completely upset all my plans. I was going to take Wilfred to England with me, and stay there a little while before visiting you in New York. Now I scarcely know where I shall go or what I shall do. I do not feel as though I could come to you yet, and I shall most likely travel about a while. I inclose my latest photograph, done in the very best Cape Town style. I see my illness has altered me considerably; but, if you knew what I have suffered, you would not wonder. Accept also the inclosed bill as an earnest of my continued affection, and believe me, with love and best wishes to your good husband and yourself, your loving brother,

"GRAHAM GOLDBURN.

"P. S.—It will be of no use your answering this, as I don't know where I may be, but I will write again next mail."

Mrs. Banton laid down the paper and burst into tears.

"It's all some horrible blunder," she said, "some dreadful mystery! My Willie never harmed a living creature in his life! What ails my brother that he writes such horrible things?"

She was moaning and rocking herself to and fro in her grief, when the door opened and Helen Pomfrey entered.

"My dear Mrs. Banton," she said, "what is it? What has happened? But, perhaps, I ought not to asked," she said hastily, seeing the white, drawn look on the old man's face. "Shall I go away?"

"No, my dear—no," he said, his lips quivering as he spoke. "We have had some bad news about Willie—some strange, incomprehensible news—that is all."

"He is not dead?"

"Oh, no—that is, I hope not," the father added hastily, with an awful pang at his heart as he thought of what might have come to pass by this time. "But you may read the letter, my dear. You know our boy, and you have read Mr. Goldburn's letters often."

Helen sat down by Mrs. Banton, whose tears had come now, and who was weeping, poor soul, as though her heart would break, and read the letter through carefully.

"Well," said Mr. Banton, when she had finished, "what do you think of it, my dear?"

"I don't believe one word of it," was her ready answer.

"Nor I—that is, I don't believe that Willie has done this thing. But his uncle would not write so unless there was something."

"The whole letter is heartless and cold, and unlike Mr. Goldburn," Helen replied. "The illness he speaks of must have changed him terribly."

"It has, evidently. He sends his carte—he looks older and more worn. Don't you think so?"

He put it into her hand, and she looked at it attentively.

"He is altered," she said, "terribly so. There is the face, and the head and hair; but it looks as if some evil spirit had entered into him. It frightens me to look at him. I hope he won't come here."

"Frightens you?"

"Yes; it seems like a face I ought to know—a face that reminds me of things gone by. I hope I shall never see it; it will bring sorrow and misery with it when it does come. Don't believe that letter, Mr. Banton; it is all one huge lie!"

He thought her agitation was on Willie's account, because he was accused, and he kissed her, and called her a brave little champion; but there were other thoughts in Helen Pomfrey's breast as she read the letter—thoughts which made her turn sick and cold with terror, and brought back a past full of pain with sorrowful vividness before her.

"I hope it is a mistake," poor Mrs. Banton said through her tears, when Helen Pomfrey had finished speaking. "I don't think my brother would willfully write a deliberate falsehood. And yet ——"

"And yet he states the case pretty plainly," her husband remarked sadly. "The letter is strangely hard and cold, too. I am afraid there is more in the background than we know of."

"See what Willie has to say," said Helen quietly. "*He* will write the truth, whatever it is."

"Thank you for your kind belief in him, my dear," said the mother, pressing her hand. "Open the letter, will you? My eyes are hot and dim. When we old folks cry it tells upon us. Tears are no relief to us when we get to our years. They burn like hot irons."

Helen looked to Mr. Banton also for permission, and then opened Willie's letter. It was dated from Sydney, and addressed to his mother:

"Do not imagine I am here with my uncle," it began, "when you see the postmark on this. I have a strange and terrible story to tell you, and the only feeling I have towards your brother is a wish that we may never meet in this world again. I am a ruined and disgraced man, mother, leaving the country under a feigned name, with the stigma of a foul crime clinging to me—a crime of which I am as innocent as your dear self. They have accused me of murder, mother; and I only escaped through the want of evidence, and the slovenly way in which the trials are conducted at Ballarat. It was my uncle who tried to put the crime upon me, and for what reason I cannot even guess. I have thought over it till my brain is quite dizzy, and yet no nearer the truth, try as I will.

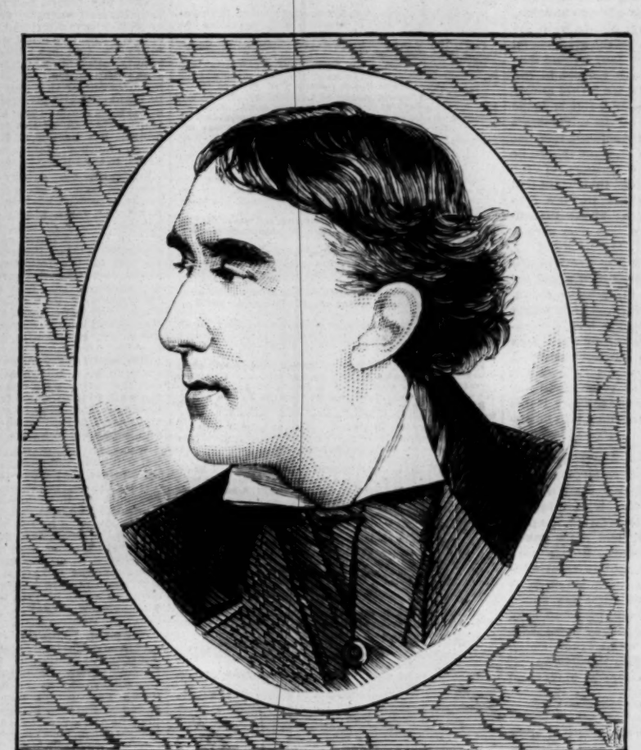
"I cannot tell you in the compass of a letter all that I have been doing lately. My life was bad enough; but there was no crime in it that you need blush for. I had come to my last shilling, and a friend of mine—a man of no very good repute, but who was kind to me—gave me the shelter of his house till I could communicate with my uncle. I half expected that after all this time he would have nothing to do with me; but he wrote a very kind letter to say he was coming to Melbourne, and I was to meet him there. He had sold Nic-Nic Gap to the Government for some tremendous sum—there were veins of copper in the hills on it, it seems—and had not yet settled what to do. He came to Melbourne, and a nice fellow he seemed, too. And my friend and I went about with him a good bit. Those cartes you have of him, with the bushy beard, are very good, by the way—I should have known him anywhere.

"He wanted to see Ballarat, as most people do who come here, and we went over there and stayed two nights. The second night I wasn't well, and after drinking some whiskey I fell asleep, while the other two went out. The next thing I know is that I was waked up to be accused of murder. My friend and my uncle had disappeared, and I had blood on my hands and a piece of a torn shirt in my grasp that more than one person recognized as belonging to Henry Parkes, my Melbourne friend.

"Mother, it makes me sick to think of it, even now that I am safe and free. He wasn't found for some days, and I lay ill, mercifully, I think, or I must have gone mad. They discovered him at last in an old claim, with his head literally smashed to pieces; but he was recognized by his clothes and mark on his left arm in tattooing—two letters, 'H. V.,' and a heart. Some lady's initials, I heard they were."

The paper fluttered from Helen Pomfrey's grasp and fell to the ground.

"My dear, are you ill?" asked Mrs. Banton in alarm.



HENRY IRVING, ENGLISH TRAGEDIAN.

"No! I beg your pardon," she said, regaining the paper. "I did not see it was falling."

"But you have turned so white, and there is such a strange look in your eyes."

"Is there?"

"Yes, indeed! I thought you were going to faint."

"No; I won't faint; but it is so horrible, isn't it? Let me see, where was I? Oh, here, about these letters. What a strange, awful muddle it all seems, doesn't it? Ah, here it is. Lady's initials."

"They said the lady herself recognized them, but that must be part of my light-headed wanderings, I suppose, as I have never heard anything about it since."

"Ah, I expect it was, poor fellow," said Mrs. Banton. "It sounds all like a bad dream together. Go on, my dear, if it does not make you feel ill to read it."

"Oh, no. It was only for a moment. It is always dreadful to read about such things, isn't it? But it is so pleasant to know that Willie is safe out of it."

"At first, I believe, people thought that I had murdered *both* my companions; but my uncle wrote a note to me from Melbourne, saying that he had gone away so that he might not have to give evidence about *what he had seen*. He actually said that he, Graham Golburn, saw me strike down my friend, and that he had got out of the way that he might not be questioned. This letter was intercepted and opened by the authorities; and as I had poor Parkes' watch and pocketbook in my possession, there was plenty of excuse for people thinking me guilty. Mother, if it were the last word I had to write, I am innocent, and what is more, I believe my uncle is the guilty man. I think that his motive would have been a cruel one. I can only imagine that they quarreled, and that he struck Parkes down in anger.

"His conduct throughout points to it. If he were innocent, what need was there for him to go away when he could have helped me out of the scrape by staying? He left some money with a gentleman for me—a Mr. Burt, an actor—a stranger to both of us, but who has proved himself a real good Samaritan to me. He sought me out when I left Ballarat penniless and friendless, hooted at as the man who had killed his friend, and told me of what he had in trust for me. I refused to take a penny at first; but he showed me it was my right, and has helped me to begin a new life. You must be content to lose me for a while, mother dear. I am leaving this place to-morrow, and the world will hear no more of Wilfred Banton till he can once more bear his name unstained by even the shadow of a crime.

"I don't suppose you will ever see Mr. Burt; but you may—actors travel about a good bit. If you do, tell him he shall have my grateful prayers all my life long, and the kind lady, too, who helped to persuade him, and who has done so much for me in the way of recommendation. You may see *her*, for she is a star actress, and very likely, I should think, to visit America. Her name is Miss Vere—Madeline Vere. If ever you come across her, and can do a good turn for the sake of her kindness to me, do it. This is all my story, mother dear. I know nothing of the crime with which I was charged, and I think your love and my father's sense of justice will believe me. Don't let Helen Pomfrey think me a murderer. By the way, the poor fellow that is dead would have it that her carte was the portrait of some woman who was killed in London—someone he knew who was drowned in the Thames, he said. He got quite in a way about it when I insisted that it was a living, breathing woman. Ask her to think the best of me, mother dear. I shall never cease to think of her. Don't think I'm going to forget my home and you. I will write again, but it will be at least a month first.

"Pray for me that this hideous mystery may be cleared up and the truth discovered, and accept the undying love of your affectionate son,

WILLIE."

Helen Pomfrey read to the end of the letter without a break in her voice, though her color came and went over the last two sheets with startling rapidity.

"My boy's no murderer!" said Mrs. Banton, with a fresh rain of tears. "I'll take his word before all the world's."

"There's truth on the face of it all through that letter," her husband added in a broken voice. Pray Heaven it may come to light some day. I cannot think Goldburn guilty, at any rate, of premeditated murder. If he had any hand in it, it must be, as the boy says, that they quarreled."

"What does Helen think?" asked Mrs. Banton, patting her hand. "You don't think our boy has taken this man's life, do you?"

"Willie a murderer? Oh, no!" replied Helen, with a wild look in her dilated eyes. "*He* had no hand in it. But it's all a muddle—a dreadful muddle. And I ——"

Her voice rose into a curious, shrieking laugh, and she went into hysterics, so violent that it took them completely out of their own trouble to attend upon her. The fit was a prolonged one. She had evidently been repressing some strong emotion which had mastered her at last. When at length her sobs and wild laughter ceased, she strove to apologize.

"I am not very well, I think," she said, "and my nerves must be out of order. Do you know, I wanted to burst out laughing in the midst of poor Willie's letter? The moment I read Miss Vere's name—it must be the woman I have heard of—and the idea of her doing good to anyone, and unveiling honest people's prayers, seemed so strange, so ludicrous."

"My dear child, I never heard you speak so bitterly before. Do you know this Miss Vere?"

"No."

"Then what makes you speak so about her?"

"Oh, I have heard of her. If she is Miss Vere, an English actress—and there cannot be two like her, or of the same name—she is a false, wicked woman—a painted siren, who lures men from their homes, comes between husbands and wives, and sunders those who have stood at God's altar together, hand to hand and heart to heart. No; I don't know her; but I have heard of her bitter work, and I cannot believe in any good work of hers! No, I'm not quite crazy, dear Mrs. Banton," she went on, seeing both of them regarding her with astonishment. "It was the sudden hearing that woman's name that made me burst out like this. Pray forgive me."

"This Miss Vere will have wrought mischief to some friend of yours, I suppose," Mr. Banton said gravely.

"Mischief, yes, and to my friend—my dearest one—for nought but mischief ever came of any companionship with her. But you need not tell Willie, Mrs. Banton. If she has done any good to him, do not let my words spoil his appreciation of her. And tell him, please ——"

"My dear girl, *I* can't tell him anything," said Mrs. Banton with a sigh. "I don't know where to write."

"No, of course. How stupid I am! I think his letter has addled my brain a little. Poor dear Willie, how I wish that we could let him know how we sympathize with him and believe in him. Ah, dear friends, can you forgive me for driving him away from you?"

She was agitated and hysterical still, and trembling all over in a strange, excited way.

"My dear, he would have gone soon if he had never seen you," Mr. Banton said kindly. "His mother and I were spoiling him here. Don't take any blame to yourself in the matter—there is no need."

She stooped and kissed her friend's paleface, and passed quietly to her room, where she shut herself in with her own thoughts till it was time to go to her duties at the theatre.

"Can it be that she loves poor Willie, after all?" Mrs. Banton said with a sigh as she folded up the letters that had brought such terrible news.

"Not she."

"Then what made her take on so?"

"Ah, the ways of women are wonderful," he answered. "Helen Pomfrey is a sweet creature, and I should have liked her for a daughter very well; but I begin to suspect our young *protegee* has a history of her own."

"So has everyone."

"Aye; but not such a one as hers. I can't help fancying that she knows more of this Miss Vere than she wants us to think. I don't think any woman would speak so passionately of another's woes as she spoke to-night of the misery this woman had wrought."

"Do you mean to say that you think Helen is a married woman?"

"I think she is either a deserted wife or a widow. I have had the idea in my head for some time."

"But she is so young?"

"Not so young as you think, I fancy. I should say she was four or five and twenty."

He had a little overshot the mark. Helen Pomfrey was twenty-three, and looked eighteen.

CHAPTER XVIII—A GOOD NAME.
Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Life went on very quietly at the little curiosity shop for some time after the receipt of those two strange letters. Mr. Banton wrote to a person with whom he had had dealings, and who had gone to Australia, and got from him a corroboration of Willie's story. Mr. Burt and Miss Vere had both left the country, but the affair was by no means forgotten. A packet of extracts from old newspapers was forwarded to New York with the letter, so that Mr. and Mrs. Banton could read the account of the transaction for themselves. It was painful yet comforting to read the horrid story; for the writers, for the most part, did not hesitate to say that they did not believe in the guilt of the young man who had so nearly paid the penalty of it.

It was more than hinted by them all that Graham Goldburn must have had a hand in it; but the absence of all motive made it difficult to believe. The identification of the murdered man by means of the letters on his arm was spoken by them all, and every little incident described as men who have much spoce to fill and little material will describe things.

Helen Pomfrey read every line of the penny-a-liners' stories with avidity. She seemed wonderfully interested in every detail of the terrible story. She sympathized with Mrs. Banton most thoroughly in her anxiety about her son, and the pain her brother's strange conduct was causing her; but the details of the ghastly murder seemed to have a strange fascination for her. Mr. Banton's correspondent—a man to whom he had been of great service, and who was glad to repay it by any little act of kindness—stated that he had made every inquiry, but could hear nothing of Willie.

"I suspect he must have changed his name," he wrote; "and it's the best thing he could do, for the taint of murder sticks like pitch. If he has pluck and energy he will soon get over it, for he must know by this time that not a soul thinks him guilty. If ever the mystery should come to light, it will be bad for the other fellow."

It was hard for Mrs. Banton to read these words and know that "the other fellow" thus curtly alluded to was the brother she had so longed to see, and perhaps now might never see again in this world; but it was comfort to know that her boy was not thought guilty of such a foul deed. It seemed as though Helen Pomfrey shared in the pleasure the news gave her, for there seemed to be a brighter light in her eyes and more buoyancy in her manner from the day of the receipt of the letter.

She was doing well in her profession now, and able to pay Mrs. Banton an ample sum for her board, besides giving her the love and attention of a daughter. The thought of that snowy Winter's day when the lives of both of them were jeopardized together was very present to both of them, and had made a tie between them which only death would break. Helen was as grateful to the Bantons as they were to her, and, save in the matter of marrying their idolized boy, she would have done anything in the world for either of them. She had risen from the ranks in the theatre, and was playing good parts, and in one or two things had made a hit, and was much talked of. Her peculiar and striking style of beauty had attracted the notice of other managers, and she had received tempting offers to go to houses where burlesque and extravaganza reigned. She was assured she had only to show herself in the glittering undress so much run after just then, and her fortune would be made. But she declined all offers; she was very comfortable where she was. The theatre was the first in the city, good pieces were put upon the stage, well dressed and well appointed. The manager paid his company, so Helen elected to stay with him. She had been somewhat distrait for the last two months or so—a little overworked, Mrs. Banton said; but that could hardly be. She had had no rehearsals, for a successful piece was running in which her part was small, and for which all dresses had been found. She seemed languid and absent, as though her work did not interest her, and Mrs. Banton began to fear she was ill. No, she was quite well, she said, when she was questioned. It was the weather; it was too hot to be lively. She should be all right when it grew cooler.

They did not guess at the real cause, nor think that there had come to their quiet lodger the disturbing influence which comes to all of us sooner or later, and makes such havoc with our happiness. Helen did not say anything, and they did not guess that she was giving her heart away against her will, and struggling away with all her might to stamp out a passion which had already taken such deep root that the effort caused her such pangs as love alone can bring to pass. And it had all begun in a moment. The two had looked into each other's eyes, and lost their hearts forever. It was an old story, perhaps; a man falling in love with a pretty actress—that was what outsiders called it, and said it would soon be over.

"Young Craven would soon see someone else. Little Pomfrey was unassailable in any way but 'bell, book and candle.' If a fellow wanted to have anything to say to her he must want to marry her in earnest," and a great deal more to the same effect, for the *habitues* of the theatre had managed to find out that Miss Pomfrey was not to be addressed by presents of jewelry, or scores of yards of satin left at the stage-door in neatly-tied parcels, with the sender's compliments.

She had her own reasons, doubtless, for her reticence; but it won her respect everywhere.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BLANCH HART.

Dreams! strange dreams! sweet visions of the night!
Wherein the soul is filled with rich delight
That cruel fate ere banished from the heart,
Leaving a woe that never will depart.

Dreams! wild dreams! what fatal power they hold,
To call the lost past back to hearts now cold,
Waking the passion of long bygone years,
Flooding the soul with hot, regretful tears.

Dreams! vain dreams! ah, still the soul they haunt;
What ideal happiness they bring to taunt
The madly-waking sense with what is lost—
The world may never know at what a cost.

Vain dreams! lost dreams! Oh, do not come again!
To cause the fettered heart to break its chain,
And live once more in ideal bliss, that *seems*
Still to be mine, but mine alone in dreams.

Alliance, Ohio.

FOOTLIGHT STUDIES.

SLEIGHT-OF-FOOT, OR TREADING THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

"What majesty is in her gait!
Her motion and her station are as one."—SHAKESPEARE.
"'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait."—IBID.

Poor H. S. Murdoch, burned in the Brooklyn Theatre, was singular and peculiar in his utterly unprofessional gait. He did not exactly "walk Spanish;" he certainly was not versed in sleight-of-foot; and he did not tread the stage dramatically. Our "mutual friend" Barry Sullivan treads the stage quite differently—theatrically. His gait is almost cat-like; in his stride-and-halt walk he drags one leg (his right, I think) as if almost ham-strung, so to speak. And yet his style of gait entrances eye and ear, having none of poor Byron's club-footedness or Scott's lameness about it. Mr. Sullivan walks "with his best foot foremost;" and his gait, acquired in the drygoods stores of his native Ireland, stood him in right good stead before the footlights of his hopes and dreams. Then look at Chas. R. Thorne Jr. There is nothing stiff, hard or formal about his limposing figure. It has no angularities. In all its gyrations the pleased eye rests upon it willingly, fascinated as it were. Mr. Thorne has no impediment in his stand-up or go-ahead-like nicety, like ninety out of every hundred every-day men (or women). On any plane, or at any speed, he is a right good walker. Now, a duck trying to walk like a nightingale were no inviting sight for Terpsichore. The graceful Henry Irving stalks and shambles on the English boards like a raw recruit of an awkward squad. Whether he wears number-eleven buskins or not, his feet would shock the heathen Chinese, and his gait is not good for the eyesight. Lessons in deportment, dancing, calisthenics or the rapeze could never have been his; he is almost as awkward as poor old Abe Lincoln. And yet George Washington, we are told, had the biggest understandings of all men in Virginia, and was graceful withal, and a gainly "walkist." Peter Cooper, *not* "on his last legs," has a most peculiar gait. His sit-down is, I hear, even funnier than John E. Owens' in "Solon Shingle," or Edwin Forrest's in "Richelieu"—and those were ever laughable indeed. A friend says Mr. Cooper's is a *bicycle* gait, or a four-wheeler's! Age and infirmity may indeed somewhat clog or hinder or uglify a gentleman's gait, but should never be suffered to render it plebeian or ludicrous. The late Mr. Bellew (the reader) had a very defective walk, on or off the stage. He was weak-kneed—the wherefor of which is no secret to the cognoscenti of the boards. Anna Dickinson will pardon me if I warn her that she walks as if web-footed; Miss Kate Bateman almost waddled, cow-like, once upon a time; and poor Miss Lucille Western was *not* a refined or elegant stepper; and who shall describe Rignold's walk? And just as hand-gait (writing) denotes character, so does foot-gait (walking). "The *style* is the man."

And yet I'd rather be flat-footed than flat-headed. "Tis hard to break an old horse of his trot." True, poet. And true, too, that the donkey cannot leap the ditch like the deer. The mule is surer-footed than the horse. And note the chamois' gait upon the cliffs!

Now, gait is different in animals, as is color; as the twig is bent the tree will incline, and it's but a step from the beast's gait to man's. Almost any veterinary surgeon will tell you that the slightest malformation of the hoof alters the horse's gait. And gait is value in stable or on stage; while blacksmiths and bootmakers have much to answer for. Thus (as to the horse subject) an extra pair of shoes, however thin, annexed to either forefoot, changes the creature's gait and action. Yet we read: "When they came to shoe the horse the beast held out its leg!"

Miss Carlotta Leclercq (Mr. Fechter's ex-co-star), although a woman of a large physique, is said to have the smallest foot upon the English stage—Cinderella-like. I could name the actress having, per common consent, the largest pedal extremities in the profession, but forbear. Yet both these estimable "daughters of Shakespeare" know well the laws of friction and of cadence in their carriage. Neither of them would condescend, in or out of character, to assume the "Alexandra limp" or the hideous "Grecian bend." Yet he that lives with cripples learns to limp!

The wild boy of the woods caught in Bohemia and since civilized could not for a long season endure the use of shoes. They were to him as skates are to the non-skater. The red Indian walks best in his native moccasin. The Lancashire lad and lass are best at home in their customary clattering clogs. The English gentleman in shoes taketh not kindly unto Yankee boots. The booted and spurred countryman of dragoon walketh goose-step-like. Lord Nelson's quarter-deck gait stuck to him through life.

English managers should be adroit walkists. They have been accustomed to walk backwards from the royal presence, and to falter or stumble would be to—well, "mistakes are worse than crimes."

An Longfellow knows, those good folk of the rope-walk have a gait unique:

"Human spiders spin and spin
Backward from their threads so thin"

Thus, when Banquo's ghost backs out of King Macbeth's presence, at the "wing," the ghost must not look over his shoulder, lest he stumble, but at the opposite wing. In (or out of) this manner Shakespeare speaks of Hamlet's father's ghost's "slow and martial stalk." Somewhat similarly, Ophelia says of Hamlet:

"And with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their help,
And to the last, bended their light on me."

Did Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Cooke, Macready, Forrest, Davenport, or do Booth, Fechter, Irving, Sullivan, or their associates, realize this exit, as set down by their great master of Stratford-on-Avon?

Blondin must be a dainty, sweet walker. My friend J. H. Stead, the great "original cure," is a neater walker as a man than Flora Temple was a stepper as queen of the turf. My friend James Davis, the well-known (English) "cure upside-down," is no shambler of the awkward squad. Deerfoot, O'Leary, Weston, and such professional pedestrians are tidy walkers, as well as fleet withal, and sure-footed.

In a state of nature the average human foot is about four inches broad. In a state of art (or fashion) the average shoe or boot sole is made but three inches broad!—*or as inch of foot with no sole whatever to rest upon!* Now, this rascally, horrid inch (no mere inoffensive vacuum, alack!) stretches the upper leather, racks the poor foot, reduces the circulation, disfigures the gait, *changes the stature!* "Died of tight boots," high heels, thin soles, etc., etc., would be no false verdict, for the foot needs perpetual room to spread and play in, else corns, bunions, varicose veins, and large chiropodist's bills, and worse.

Thus your gouty subject treads as tenderly and gingerly over the solid pavement as if afraid of breaking it. He could not well "toe the mark," walk the line or plank, or pass muster before a recruiting-sergeant or a ballet-master. Not he, indeed!

A man or a woman with feet like an orang-outang were sadly out of place before the footlights. On the other hand, a ridiculously stultified Chinese foot would be equally *de trop* there. But your average playgoer looks for a round, plump foot, with a high, arched instep, joined to a shapely leg that needs no padding. Then your goodly anatomical bootmaker finds laudable occupation in measuring it.

"Twas a pity, indeed, she resisted my love;
But why did she kick me downstairs?

There is Mr. ——; he knows how to carry himself as well as any other actor alive. In other words—he *knows how to walk*. His Hamlet walk is not his Othello stride; neither is his gait in Richard like his step in Lear. And so following.

Now, in opposition to overtight shoes or footgear, the use of slipshod boots or shoes made of cloth, velvet, carpet or prunella stuffs, tends to puff out the feet. Boots of heavy kid for Winter, and lighter texture for Summer, fitted glove-like to the foot, are the proper wear—save rosettes, trimmings, or adornments of any kind.

And then for—heels! Pointed heels, two inches high, and planted near the centre of the sole! As well to walk on stilts and have done with it. Thus perishes "the poetry of motion."

Do you see? The boot affects the gait

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

E. K. B.—"I. Is playing draw-poker, at one dollar ante, the cards are dealt, and four men raise their hands and discover that they have each six cards, while the dealer has but five. There are eight dollars in the pot, and the dealer claims it. Is he entitled to the pot? 2. A calls B's hand, and B says he has seven and fours. A says he has eights and threes, and takes the money. Was it in clergy ered that B's hand really contains nines and fours. Who is entitled to the pot?".....1. We print these questions because one of them shows the stretch to which man's inventiveness can go. Here were four players out of five who, as alleged, were dealt six cards, and yet not one of them discovered that fact until he had raised his hand! The dealer wins the pot, and he should have won forty times as much from such opponents. 2. B wins. It is immaterial what value a player assigns his own hand. He can overcall it as much as he pleases, because he must show it if his opponent wishes to see it; and he can undervalue it as much as he pleases, if he does not make the mistake of at the same time pronouncing his opponent's hand good. In other words, a player can say what he pleases about the value of his own hand, without impairing his right to show his cards. There is always a dispute as to the pot until cards are shown, unless meanwhile one player has acknowledged that the other's hand, as called, wins.

H. H. B., Brooklyn.—1. Your own good sense should tell you that nothing of the kind was ever done. That you saw it in a daily paper is your misfortune. There seems to be nothing too foolish for the average daily paper to print in all gravity. The feat is simply impossible; and you should at once have reasoned that, if the time was accurate, the distance (sixteen miles) was magnified; and if the distance, which could readily be ascertained, was correct, then the time was false. 2. The New York and Albany time is quite within reason. But any aggregate time that includes the "usual landings" has to be deceptive, in fact, most tales of steamboat speed are very like "fishermen's yarns."

J. C. D.—It is fortunate for you that our rule is never to give the relative circulations of newspapers, or to decide facts therein. Otherwise you would lose. Printing is a mass of papers for political-campaign purposes and throwing them into area-ways and thrusting them under doorways do not constitute a circulation. Nor do actual sales always represent the true circulation of a newspaper. For example, THE CLIPPER in one week has sold as high as nearly 500,000 copies; yet THE CLIPPER has never had a weekly circulation of nearly half a million.

G. H., Albany.—1. The three 42's are entitled to the first and second prizes. 2. The next time your look at THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1877, note the line at head of that page—"Fastest Recorded Time to Dec. 25, 1876." Ten Brook did not beat Hal Pointer's record until May 24, 1877, which performance of course belongs to THE ALMANAC for 1878. 3. Buccaneer may have done it; but the time is of no account, it being unofficial. Official time is not taken in Saratoga.

THREE PITTSBURGHERS.—We prefer not to discuss those matters. To open our columns to them would be to call down on us the "tirades of the like" which you "object to it." We might tell you that Solomon said it; but we know well enough that, if Solomon *did* say it, it was simply because in all probability he had heard his grandmother or some other contemporaries express the same thing in probably the same words.

P., Kansas City.—In "straddling back," if A goes one blind, and B straddles, and A wishes to straddle back, the latter must put up four chips, and B but six. If he wishes merely to fill the blind and the original straddle, A need put up only three chips, and B but two. This makes four chips for each. It is not a straddle unless the player puts up twice as many chips as are contained in the blind or straddle of his predecessor.

JAMES SMITH, Chicago.—Neither O'Leary nor anyone for him has said or written a word to us about the match for $10,000. The stakes being decided in favor of Schmehl, and firs; prize being given him, he was certainly the winner of the contest, and the action taken by the executive committee subsequently could not make anybody else the winner. You have been long enough on "on the turf" to know that the referee's decision is final in such matters.

NED RYAN, Toronto.—We can only decide the question according to the wording of the agreement drawn up in their presence, and with their consent forwarded to us. This we have already done. Your statement puts an entirely different face on the matter, however; and, presuming it to be a correct version, we regret that it was not sooner received by us.

A. H.—"Humpty Dumpty," which had 483 consecutive representations in the Olympic Theatre, in this city, between March 10, 1868, and March 15, 1869, had a longer consecutive ran than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was produced July 16, 1853, and withdrawn April 19, 1854, although it was subsequently played three nights a week for some time.

W. A. L., Winchendon.—No answers by mail. You could not get an engagement, because circus-managers do not engage tumblers for that business alone. They must have other specialties. 2. Salary ranges from $25 per week upward, according to reputation and ability. You could not command engagements unless you were an extraordinarily good performer.

W. F. T., Toronto.—We have no knowledge of the particular poem referred to. Any suitable poem can be either recited or sung. In the original version of "East Lynne," as played by the late Julia Dean Hayne, "Then Don't Remember Me" was sung, it being most appropriate and effective.

E. E. E., Allegheny City.—1. To take charge of the property and see that they are in their proper places when wanted. 2. You would find it a difficult matter to make it pay. 3. You would want one of the best agents that could be procured. 4. Cannot give you any idea about expenses, as they depend entirely upon circumstances.

SINGLE-SCULL, Toronto.—1. They are contained in Ed. James' "Manual of Sporting Rules," which can be had as per advertised address for 50 cents. 2. The Atalanta, Nassau, N. Y. Athletic and Gramercy Clubs of this city, and the Argonauta R. A. of Bergen Point, N. J., can be addressed in our care.

J. N. B.—Since half the fineness of our silver coin has been alloyed by Act of Congress dated Jan. 18, 1837, the weight of a dollar was fixed at 412½ grains. A trade dollar weighs 420 grains. By Act of Congress dated Feb. 12, 1873, the weight of a half-dollar was fixed at 192.9 grains, and a quarter at 96.45 grains.

J. J. M., Montserrat.—It is not likely that any horse beat him in a race. As a rule, he went against time; and from those races in which he was entered with other horses the latter withdrew. We have not time to make the tedious search requisite to give a decided answer. No answers by mail.

A. J., Owego.—No. There are, however, printed rules for bezique, a game resembling the other, except that men play the genuine game of pinochle with one pack, while women and children play bezique with as many packs as they can get. Ed. James, whose card see, can furnish you rules for bezique.

WILL, Halifax.—1. Lexington avenue, in this city, is supposed to extend from East Twenty-first street to the Harlem lane, parallel with Third avenue, and it crosses 46th and 49th streets. We do not know whether there is such a thoroughfare in Providence, R. I. 2. John H. Clark never appeared in the ring as a principal.

A CONSTANT READER, Cleveland.—"A Man at the bat has two strikes, the next ball pitched he strikes at and misses it, the catcher muffs it, throws to first base and hits the runner, but first base gets it and puts him out. I claim it was a dead ball, and the runner was all right. Am I right?".....The ball was not dead. Runner is out.

ANNIE M. C.—We plead not guilty to some of your specifications, guilty to others, and throw the blame back to others, and admit a certain culpability touching a few of the minor charges. But, whisper it low, "don't give it away." 2. She is an actress.

BILLY TAIT, Lancaster.—1. Yes; he can build two piles. 2. He cannot build for his partner without himself having a card to take it. 3. We cannot say positively. The work has been out of print for many years, and it is many years since we saw a copy.

L. M. S., Selma.—There have been so many troupes called the Alabama Minstrels before the public that we cannot give you any reliable information concerning them. A troupe called the Georgia Minstrels played under P. T. Barnum's management some years ago.

J. J., Elizabeth.—1. The greatest distance walked in one hour is 9 miles, which was accomplished in 59m. 2. The greatest number of points made in one run in a match game of three-ball billiards is 447, by Wm. Sexton, against G. F. Slosson, in New Orleans.

J. BALDINE, Baltimore.—We cannot tell you the fate of the diorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill, exhibited through the country many years ago, nor the name of its maker. It was in imitation of exhibitions which had preceded it; therefore nobody could have had a copyright.

A. R.—No. B can either stand his hand or beg. If he begs, A can give him one or run them. B cannot force A to bunch. "Bunching" is a matter of agreement. "Begging" is the privilege, and "declining or giving one" or "running" is the privilege of the dealer.

F. Q. A., Baltimore.—1. B and C receive the stakes. 2. Unless the mistake occurred in A's hand, he counts the first and not the second. To invalidate the first jack, the mistake should have been claimed before the cards were run.

E. H. B., La Porte.—The table was a carom (pocketless cushion) of the size called 5x10, and the balls were 2⅝ths inches in diameter. These are the sizes of table and balls and style of cushions always used in three-ball matches of late years.

OHIO.—Why should we bother ourselves with any such mathematical problem, since no man will ever get the chance to count one million one dollar bills, one at a time? We have no time for questions that have nothing practical to commend them.

A SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—Lafayette visited this country twice. Probably you refer to his second visit. He arrived in this city on Aug. 16, 1824, then visited Boston, and the South, and on Sept. 7, 1825, departed from Washington, D. C., for France, in the frigate Brandywine.

JUGGLER, New Haven.—1. Very slight. 2. R. Fitzgerald & Co., 539 Sixth street, this city. 3. There are too numerous to particularize. The Langlois Brothers are among the best.

T. J. P., Chicago.—1. A can claim nothing. He renegued, and B can now claim two. 2. No player can go alone on a trump made by anyone else, and least of all can he go alone on a trump made in any way by his partner.

OLD READER, Louisville.—1. Walking gentleman, commands $20 to $40 per week, according to merit and reputation. 2. Any bookdealer can order it for you. 3. It is probably out of print.

R. P., Dartford.—It is not likely that you can procure a copy anywhere, and it would be of little service to you when procured. The real Hoyle's book contained nothing about euchre, poker, and many other games now in vogue.

MAC, Utica, N. Y.—The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., seating 2,864; and the Boston (Mass.) Theatre, seating 2,972, are the three largest theatres in this country.

H. P. M., Rochester.—Lotta and Lottie are distinct individuals, Lotta being Miss Charlotte Crabtree, and Lottie Mrs. Harry G. Clarke. Both have played at various times in your city.

WM. R. F., Boston.—The published report was correct, and we consider that your interests are consulted when we decline to publish the excuses you offer, the occasion for which could have been avoided.

C. F. L., Boston.—1. Name the cards. No riddles, or such long-winded phrases as "these double runs and twenty-four for the hand." 2. At the time a comparison was last made, it was the Stadt Theatre, this city.

PEDESTRIAN, New Castle.—It most unquestionably would excel any feat of endurance ever performed by a pedestrian, but we are of opinion that the man who will be able to accomplish it has yet to be born.

W. A. K., Johnstown.—Making the two he gave, B is therefore entitled to count his high, which gives out before C's low. The latter would have gone out on his low, had B made nothing but high.

CONSTANT READER.—If the problem involves any bet, state precisely what it is, and we shall decide it. We have no space for mere questions in arithmetic. The answering of one invites soo many others.

L. F. W., Ottawa.—It is a matter of opinion as to the second-best. It is also a matter of opinion as to the first. It has for a number of years looked as if William Sexton were the best billiard-player on this continent.

THE ED., Centreville.—The manufacturers have necessarily to call some of their carom-tables, and others pocket-tables. Both kinds, when it is not necessary to distinguish them from each other, are called simply billiard-tables.

E. J. B., Washington.—Gilmore's Garden, formerly called the Hippodrome, this city, is bounded by Fourth and Madison avenues, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets.

GREENPOINT.—In 1, 4, 4, 7, 5, 3, 2, there are a run of four for the 5, another of five for the 3, and one of seven for the 2.

G. A. K.—I. E. Harrigan was announced as its author. 2. He may have done so, as he played numerous characters there.

MISS H. C., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. Apply in person to the various managers in your city for an engagement to play general utility.

OLD SPORT, Rochester.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1878. The stallion record of 1874 was badly beaten in 1876.

IKE.—Copyright your play before attempting to sell it, and, for instructions how to procure a copyright, write to the Librarian of Congress, inclosing stamp for reply.

H. T. S., Bridgeport.—His headquarters are in this city; but, as he is traveling about a good deal, you had better address a letter to him in care of this office.

CAPE HORN.—We have no record of the best time made by a sailing vessel between New York and San Francisco, going around Cape Horn.

MRS. A., Boston.—They intended not that you should write to us for information of their whereabouts; but that you should address letters to them in care of this office.

R. McC., Frostburg.—1. A's sancho goes out first. 2. Harbige was caught or Lardin last year, except towards the close, when he became disabled, and Powers caught.

H. G., Joliet.—A number of horses, from 2:30 forward, including Rockingham and Dexter, have beaten 2:21¾, under saddle.

EUCHRE, Montreal.—The joker is nothing, if not a trump, and need not be played when trumps are not called for. The game is not euchre in reality.

INQUIRER, Titusville.—A man born in Canada may or may not be an American citizen. He is one if his father was one when the son was born.

W. E., Brantford.—Most probably there are no such burners, although several patentees claim that using their burners insures absolute safety.

SERGT. F. S., Fort Missoula.—At four-handed pinochle, unlike single-handed pinochle, forty trumps and one hundred and fifty grand combos cannot be melded.

CONSTANT READER.—There is no problem in that. It can be answered in a thousand or more ways, any one of which would be as correct as another.

DARLING.—"Answer to 'Rondo,'" "The Sun's Appeal," "Walking in the Lowlands," "O'Donahoe's Lament."

T. F. M., Danvers.—Do not know where he is at present.

E. M., Boston.—It is a matter of opinion, some preferring one bread and some another; so we prefer not to advise you.

A. S. L., Lowell.—No one can tell who won the International pennant until the convention meets at Utica in February. Then a decision will be rendered.

WM. K. Tousey, Syracuse.—We had no knowledge of the fact. Shall be glad to receive the printed schedule and such other information as you may feel disposed to send.

J. B.—Daniel O'Leary arrived at this port from England May 15, 1878, and walked 220 miles at Cincinnati in June following, finishing on the 15th.

J. W. E.—You are betting on too many different things. As to the locomotive, drawing what kind of cars—dirt, coal or passenger?

POST-OFFICE, Philadelphia.—The ground for the New York Post-office was broken Aug. 9, 1869, and the building was first occupied Aug. 28, 1875.

113 NASSAU STREET.—The player who was first to call out is out. One must have called out before the other. If you cannot determine which it was, play another game.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Yankton.—We do not keep the run of such exhibition walks, as the returns are seldom reliable, and we would not undertake to decide bets by them.

A. B. C., Princetown.—The money above what A could not see was won by B. The last bet had nothing to do with A.

THE BOX.—He reads music, although he performs so slovenly at times that he gives the impression that he plays by ear only.

TIP, Berwick.—Ed. James, whose address see in advertisement, can furnish the style of fire-coats mentioned for $20 each, or six for $100.

BLAIR ATHOL, Newark.—1. We have no data by which to answer your question. 2. Too early yet for the publication of betting quotations on the Derby.

J. D. R., Madison.—The gentleman named resides at West Chester, Pa.

SARATOGA, Montreal.—1. Four dollars per annum. 2. The championship games were established in 1876.

H. H., St. Louis.—Lafayette served here in the Revolutionary War.

C. S. R., Boston.—He cannot use the cards on the board to build upon your pile of three.

SEVEN-UP, Chelsea.—B can beg, and the cards must be run, unless A chooses to give one

LOO, Canon City.—His negro business is generally considered superior to his Dutch.

T. C., Wankezan.—No answers by mail. Address her in care of this office.

J. O. M., Rochester.—A letter addressed in care of this office will soonest reach him.

MILES O'REILLY, Buffalo.—The stage of the Bowery Theatre, New York, is the largest in this country.

A. E. C., Philadelphia.—She has retired from the stage, and is living in Brooklyn, L. I.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Jenny Lind first sang in this country Sept. 11, 1850, in Castle Garden, this city.

C. F. A., Troy.—Make your case known to some musician in town, and get him interested.

PATRICK F. HALLORAN, Brooklyn.—We cannot publish the challenge until you send a deposit.

ED. M., Louisville.—Secor & Co., Fulton street, near Broadway.

CHICAGO.—Mailed st to her in Nashville, Tenn., on Jan. 14.

J. H.—Hopeful is reputed to be by Godfrey's Patchen, dam by the Bridgham Horse, son of Winthrop Messenger.

BLUE FRONT, Lancaster.—If 100 constituted game, your opponent won with his low.

C. P. O.—Inquire at some of the public resorts in that ward.

WRITER, Utica.—We do not know; but if you inquire in a drug-store you may get some chemical that would do it.

J. C. G., East Saginaw.—J. E. Jackson's address is 13 Union square, New York City.

V. S., New Brunswick.—We do not answer questions concerning the domestic affairs of professional ladies.

BERNARDO, Newport.—We prefer not to give any information concerning the matter.

A. H., Norristown.—Write to Hathaway & Pond, Lyceum Bureau, Boston, Mass.

W. F., Fort Stevenson.—1. He is still performing in variety theatres. 2. Write to *The World* for information.

CLIPPER READER, Baltimore.—There must be a new deal. The pack had run out.

J. S., Auburn.—We believe that vessels have left one or the other of those ports for foreign ones.

NEWPORT.—There are eleven different runs in 4, 5, 6, 3, 7, 2, 4. The player of the last 4 takes eight for it.

MRS. M. A. POTTS.—Challenges unsupported by a deposit cannot be inserted in our columns.

B. J. N. Jr., Belleville.—Watch our musical summary. They are now on a tour.

A. L.—The work is very scarce. Inquire in some of the old book-stores on Nassau street or Broadway.

F. E. W., Harrisburg.—You need to consult a lawyer in your own State.

CLIPPER READER, Centreville.—Cannot say what will be done in Davenport.

T. L. B., Montreal.—Frank Swift is open to challenges at Gilmore's Garden.

C. E. SMALL, West Newton.—The reverse is the only man to decide the question.

J. R. M.—In 3, 4, 2, 1, 5, 4, 3, 1, there is no run for the last ace.

W. A. T., Bethlehem.—Address Scott & Co., Fulton street, this city.

ABE SMITH.—Joe Goss fought Ike Baker Dec. 16, 1863, in the London district.

J. MCE., Portland.—We do not know anything about the party you inquire for.

DUDE, Chicago.—1. In April, 1853. 2. "'Twas always thus from childhood's hour."

CONSTANT READER, Yanktown.—B is out if he can make his jack.

PHILIP CRIMMIN, Brockton.—Write to Charles Lincoln, care of *Forest and Stream*, this city.

W. F. C., Lewiston.—No charge for answering questions.

J. S.—It was opened as a dramatic theatre Sept. 17, 1872.

T. R. T., Toronto.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1879.

SKATER.—The time given in THE ALMANAC is correct.

T. E. G.—Where and when did you see mention of it?

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Cleveland.—He could do it.

J. M. R.—James M. Ward is still on the Pacific coast.

A. M. K.—Yes; about fourteen or fifteen years ago.

S. S. G., Philadelphia.—There is no run in 8, 10, 6, 7.

W. E. McC., Baltimore.—Probably in the Fall.

A. G.—Cannot give you the exact figures.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—Two points.

J. B. ANDERSON, Modale.—Let him bet.

C. H. S., New Haven.—It cannot do that.

MISSOURI, Sedalia.—You lose.

W. H.—We cannot tell you.

BY-THE-WAY.

It would be a most fortunate thing if managers of traveling companies could hit upon some other them the present plan of dealing with the country press. The system which is now almost invariably adopted involves, first, the liberal distribution of free tickets and more or less advertising patronage; and, second, in return for these favors, preliminary puffing, to be followed either by a complimentary notice of the performance, or, if this fails to appear, by dissatisfaction on the part of the management. The evil consequences of such a course must make themselves apparent to everybody who gives the subject a little reflection.

To begin with, the manager feels that his chances of success while on the road depend largely upon "working" the newspapers. He knows, further, that in too many instances the opinion of the country editor will be shaped by the amount of advertising which he receives. Hence it is that the newspaper office is assiduously cultivated by an agent employed for that special purpose. All this would be well enough if it were not for the tacit understanding which exists between the showman and the editor. The former pays for a given amount of space in the paper. He expects, in return, not only the advertisement, but half a dozen favorable notices. If he does not get them he is disappointed. The editor, on the other hand, accepts six or eight complimentary tickets, the price of which, if sold at the box-office, would perhaps equal the amount of his advertising-bill. It does not, of course, take six or eight reporters to prepare a notice of the performance; and, therefore, by way of making return for the redundant five or seven tickets, the editor devotes as many squares to preliminary puffing of the show. In other words, the newspaper man, by accepting the favor of the manager, places himself in a position where an honest expression of opinion concerning the performance is extremely difficult. He has already said so much of a flattering nature that, after the entertainment is over, it would be humiliating to come out squarely and call it a fraud—if such it happened to be. Here, then, is the first conspicuous evil growing out of the system to which we allude. It prevents a fair expression of views, and makes the press-notices either unduly gushing or unsatisfactorily barren. In either case the readers of the paper are not apt to be misled, since those among them who have witnessed the performance have also formed their own opinion of its merits; but it is the manager himself who suffers. Press-notices should mean something, and, if favorable, should be made to reflect the sincere sentiment of at least the writers. In many cases, of course, they do this; but where they fail to do it, the criticisms are of greater injury than benefit to those who call them forth.

It appears to us that the newspapers are more to blame in this matter than are the managers or agents. It is proper enough that a certain amount of courtesy should be extended to the press; and, where the custom has been so long followed, it is not likely that it will be given up. But these courtesies should not be accepted with the understanding that they are to be paid for in gratuitous puffs. A newspaper should have independence enough to refuse to praise that which it knows nothing about, and honor enough to speak well of a meritorious performance, albeit there were neither advertisements nor free tickets left at the office. Take a practical illustration: Brown's Minstrels visit Sometown, advertise liberally in both the Sometown papers, leave free tickets enough to take in the editors' entire families, and get glowing notices in return. The next week Smith's company strikes the same town, and, relying upon its reputation and the billboards, neglects to put any advertisement in the Sometown journals. One result only is inevitable. Smith is dismissed with a paragraph where Brown received half a column. And yet Smith gave a really excellent show, while Brown gave an undeniably bad one. How happened it that Brown got the glowing notices? We shall regard it as a hopeful sign when Brown's free tickets will no longer purchase complimentary press-notices.

"GOING OFF LIKE HOT CAKES" is slow when compared with the rapidity with which THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1879 is going off. Starting on Thursday, Jan. 9, with an edition of twenty thousand, on Saturday, Jan. 11, our agent, the American News Company, had but fifteen hundred of the number left, with extra orders coming in from different sections. This necessitated the immediate printing of another edition, and the demand continues lively. The vast fund of information given in our ALMANAC can be had in no other form, as the sporting and theatrical chronologies were collated and prepared expressly for that work, as was the record of fast time, which is accepted as standard authority on the various subjects of which it treats. No readers and booksellers need not fear to order full supplies of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, as there will be a demand for its "all the year round."

NOW THAT all the bad meats, decayed fruits nd other deleterious viands have been consumed in mince-pies, provisions ought to be of a better quality. Will boarding-house keepers and hotel-proprietors please take notice.

WOULD IT be libelous to call General Grant the "cove" of Cork?

BISHOP AND COBB—A NORWICH BALLAD.

He was a grocer's clerk, as he rode, as he rode;
Oh, he was a grocer's clerk, as he rode;
And he took to early risin',
And he took to buyin' p'tson,
And he thought he was a wise 'un,
As he rode.

He leered at all the girls, as he rode, as he rode,
Oh, he leered at all the girls, as he rode;
His friend he sought to rob
Of the love of Katie Cobb,
Oh, yes he did, be gob,
As he rode.

Though his traffic it was weighty, as he rode, as he rode;
Though his traffic it was weighty, as he rode,
Yet he never cared how late he
Was in staying out with Katie,
When down beside her sate he,
As he rode.

He gave himself away, as he rode, as he rode;
Oh, he gave himself away, as he rode.
'Twas on a Summer-day
That he blew the gaff on Ka-
Tie Cobb, and sneaked away,
As he rode.

They caught him in his tracks, as he rode, as he rode;
Oh, they caught him in his tracks, as he rode.
They put 'em both in prison—
She'd her trial 'fore he'd his'n—
And Katie now is missin'
On the road.

MAYOR STOKLEY of Philadelphia is rather severe on the lambs in denying them the privilege of setting-to in a friendly passage-at-arms, as it were. Nay, more, his myrmidons were ordered to arrest the principals in the gladiatorial display set down for Tuesday, Jan. 21; and that spells *that!* Now, with all due respect to the chief magistrate of a great city, we would kindly ask Mayor Stokley if he, in his cherubic boyhood days, never knocked a chip off an adversary's hat, or vanquished a foe with one hand tied behind him. If he ever did any of these things, he surely must understand the feelings of the lambs of his fold in having their innocent pranks interfered with by his Honor's conservators of the public peace. If the Britishers send their pugilistic champion over here to beard us in our den, are we to tamely stand by, with hands down, and permit that hostile emissary to have a peaceful walk-over, as it might be? Are our bruised arms to be hung up as monuments of our cowardice, and our ropes and stakes to be turned into fishing-tackle and ploughshares? Mr. Stokley, you are wrong—you seek to crib, cabin and confine the lambs, than whom a more peaceful yet courageous body does not exist. And when war comes, as come it will *some* day, where are we to seek for our soldiers, if this gladiatorial spirit in our young men is to be discouraged?

THE MARKET for sleighs was active last week, most of the old and rusty stock going off equally well with late assignments. We know a man whose sleighs have not seen the light of day for ten long years; yet with the snowfall of the past week they became as new, and were much sought after by the cognoscenti. Horses were also in demand, some of the mile-in-eight-minutes stripe bringing as much for a single day's wear and tear as the entire horse was worth. We saw one questionable animal who had been set out to die more than a month ago; yet there he was, doing his level best with a crude sleigh fastened to him, and "Our Jim" a-driving. It was truly a gala week for dealers in horses and sleighs.

THERE WAS a harvest-time for livery-stable keepers last week, when the heavy fall of snow filled our streets with the congealed particles, and all kinds of sleighs and sleds, from the rough box on runners to the six-in-hand swan-like equipage, were called into requisition to supply the great demand. The sleighing was excellent, and the roads outside the city were thronged with the fleet-footed trotter, while the enjoyment of the revelers was something not soon to be forgotten.

ONE DAY last week a poor but honest-looking man called on a friend of ours to solicit aid to get to Baltimore, where he had a wife and family who would take care of him. Our friend placed in the poor-but-honest-one's hand sufficient to carry him to the desired point; he looked at the sum as if his heart was too full for utterance; and then, turning a calm black eye upon the giver, he softly said: "Can't you do any better than that?"

GENTLEMEN who do not like cold weather can spend the inclement months most profitably by carefully perusing last season's baseball scores.

A WIDE-AWAKE showman started on a snap last week for the purpose of exhibiting to our rural friends *the sleigh that slew Goliath!*

THAT STEWART'S REMAINS have really been recovered remains to be proven.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ASKEY, James—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, Md., there, Jan. 15, aged 56.

ATWILL, John—One of the oldest, and in his day one of the most widely-known retail drygoods merchants in this city—here, Jan. 9, aged 71.

ANDERSON, Henry—A member of the New York Bar, and a son of the late Professor Henry J. Anderson of Columbia College—Bermuda, W. I., Jan 9, aged 39.

BARTON, John—For forty years justice of the peace on Fifth avenue, Grand street and Lombard, Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Jan. 16, aged 71.

BRINSMADE, Rev. Horatio Nelson—A minister eminent in both the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches—Newark, N. J., Jan. 18, aged 80.

BRENNAN, Matthew T.—A well-known Democratic politician of this city, who enjoyed a wide-spread popularity in public life. He was born here in 1822, and as soon as he was of age joined the Volunteer Fire Department, and for many years was one of the most prominent and best-known firemen. He was appointed captain of the old police about 1850, and was subsequently a member of the police, and was elected, holding it two terms, and resigning to fill the post of Comptroller, to which he had been elected after a spirited contest. After leaving the office of Comptroller he was appointed in 1868 Police-commissioner, and while holding that office he was in 1870 elected Sheriff, the last post in the gift of the people that he held—here, Jan. 20, aged 57.

BRYAN, Alison P.—For many years a prominent merchant of Richmond, Va., and of Baltimore, Md. About ten years ago he retired from business and removed to Lynchburg, Va.—there, Jan 14, aged 77.

GLADDING, John—A well-known actor (see Drama)—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15.

BIDDLE, Dr. John B.—A Professor and Dean of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, a well-known physician and a medical author of some repute—there, Jan. 19, aged 65.

BALLENTINE, John—One of the oldest settlers of Marengo, Ill.—there, Jan. 15, aged 82.

BACALL, Thomas—A well-known silversmith and jeweler of Boston, Mass.—there, Jan. 15

CARSTAIRS, Major Thomas—A paymaster of the United States Army, and a well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Jan. 14, aged 53.

CLARK, Major—A participant in the Battle of New Orleans, and for many years a body-servant of the late Governor Clark of Kentucky—Winchester, Ky., Jan. 10, aged 90.

CADWALADER, Christie M. J.—A Sister of Mercy, having first entered the Order of Notre Dame in Belgium, and later transferred to the Sisters of Mercy in Wisconsin—Fond du Lac, Wis., Jan. 12, aged 29.

CAME, Charles G.—A journalist of Boston, Mass.—there, Jan. 16, aged 53.

COOLIDGE, Alfred—Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of New London, Ct. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1862, and a State Senator in 1868—New London, Ct., Jan. 17.

DAWSON, Colonel James Lowe—A graduate of West Point, entering the army in 1816, and serving in the Florida Seminole wars, and also in the early Indian wars in the West, serving six years as chief of staff under Major-general Jacob Brown, then in chief command of the army. He left the army in 1845 to engage in land speculations, and was overwhelmed with financial reverses—Westminster, Md., Jan. 13, aged 79.

DOUGLAS, Charles H.—A well-known retired banker of Troy, N. Y., who for the past three years had been residing in New Haven, Ct.—there, Jan. 13, aged 66.

DUBS, Jacques—A famous Swiss statesman and jurist—Lausanne, Switzerland, Jan. 16, aged 87.

DEWITT, Colonel Alexander—An old and esteemed citizen of Worcester, Mass.—Oxford, Mass., Jan. 13.

DENGLER, Frank—A young American sculptor, at one time in charge of the antique school at the Boston Museum—Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 12, aged 24.

EDWARDS, Rev. John—A member of the Philadelphia Conference of the M. E. Church, in the 49th year of his ministry—Halifax, Dauphin County, Pa., Jan. 16, aged 77.

FINNOTI, Rev. Father Joseph M.—An ex-professor of St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and for sixteen years priest in the diocese of Boston, Mass.—Colorado, Jan. 11, aged 63.

FITZPATRICK, Kenny—A member for the past seventeen years of the Board of Aldermen of Hamilton, Ont. Died suddenly at a meeting of that body, while in the act of moving a resolution—there, Jan. 17.

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GOODMAN, Henry—An old and estimable citizen of Germantown, Philadelphia—there, Jan. 16, aged 77.

GLADDING, John—A member of a firm of blank-book manufacturers and a well-known citizen of Philadelphia—there, Jan. 12, aged 74.

GRUBB, Joseph C.—A well-known merchant of Philadelphia, Pa.—Wilmington, Del., Jan. 19.

HARRIS, William—A well known wholesale druggist of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Jan. 12, aged 70.

HATHAWAY, John K.—A well-known sea captain hailing from New Bedford, Mass.—there, Jan. 16.

HEMPHILL, Mrs. Susan G.—The widow of Thomas J. Hemphill (see Drama)—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 13.

HOFFMAN, George B.—An old merchant of Baltimore, Md., where he had been engaged in many business enterprises—there, Jan. 11, aged 71.

HENRY, Prince William Frederick—The brother of King William, and Admiral of the Holland navy—Hague, Holland, Jan. 13, aged 58.

HOUGHTON, Judge G. F.—An old resident of New Orleans, La., and for several years a Recorder in that city—there, Jan. 11, aged 50.

JOST, Frank—A representative German citizen of Buffalo, N. Y., and the pioneer brewer of that city—there, Jan. 13, aged 71.

JOHNES, Gen. W.—A retired member of an old silk-importing firm of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Jan. 16, aged 60.

JEMISON, Col. R. W.—A prominent lawyer of Macon, Ga.—there, Jan. 17.

KELLOGG, Judge F. W.—An ex-member of Congress from Michigan and also from Alabama—Alliance, O., Jan. 13, aged 70.

KEMPER, Miss Sophia G.—A centenarian, and a daughter of Colonel Daniel Kemper, an officer in the Continental Army—Easton, Pa., Jan. 13, aged 102.

LONGWORTH, Dr. John L. C.—One of the pioneers and most eminent citizens of New Zealand. He was born in Devonshire, Eng., in 1810, and had an honorable military career in India, attaining the rank of major. He settled in New Zealand in 1836, where he subsequently filled one of the leading offices of that colony—Dunedin, New Zealand, Dec. 6, aged 69.

MURPHY, Daniel C.—A well-known local character of the Seventh Ward of this city, where he was known as the "Rose of Cork Row"—here, Jan. 13, aged 46.

MAXWELL, John D.—The senior member of a banking firm in this city, and director in the Equitable Trust Company and of the Continental Bank—here, Jan. 18, aged 55.

MATHESON, Sir James—A lord-lieutenant for Ross-shire, Scotland, who had in early life an eminently successful mercantile career in India and China—Mentone, Italy, Dec. 31, aged 85.

MORRISEY, Henry—

THE RING.

CLARK AND KING ARRESTED.

Magisterial interference—that bugbear of olden-time pugilists, but often welcome friend to latter-day knights of the squared circle—has caused a postponement of the date fixed for the light-weight championship fight between Johnny Clark and Jack King, if it will not result in the complete breaking-up of the match, as many are disposed to believe will be the case. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, the principals and Arthur Chambers were taken into custody in Philadelphia, and held in one thousand dollars bail each to answer a complaint entered by Capt. C. W. Wood, charging them with unlawfully conspiring to engage and participate in a prize-fight. On the afternoon of the 15th the prisoners were arraigned before Magistrate Pole, and after the evidence of Capt. Wood and Officer Eldridge had been taken, the magistrate, at the request of Chief Jones, postponed the case until Jan. 22 (the day after that fixed upon for the battle), and the boxers were released on giving the amount of bail previously mentioned. The opposing parties naturally indulged extensively in recriminations, each charging the other with having taken measures to bring about this untoward action of the myrmidons of the law, and the general opinion among the disgusted followers of the ring seemed to be that one or both were amenable to censure—if for nothing worse, then for tarrying in Philadelphia after the threatening proceedings of the preceding week, and after the probability of their arrest had been town-talk for days. Under the circumstances, it was certainly the proper thing for well-meaning pugilists, who were about engaging in an unlawful act, to have put a safe distance between them and the officers of the law, and their failure to do this gave the appearance of seeming to court arrest, and they cannot blame the public for regarding their motives with suspicion. It is reported that a fresh agreement has been drawn up and signed, the contents of which will not be made public until the principals are out of harm's way, and that the fight will yet be brought off; but the impression is general that after the examination to be held on the 22d the prospect of a meeting in the ring will be even poorer than it now is.

PUGILISTS IN COURT.

On Dec. 31, at the Leicestershire, Egg, Quarter Sessions, twelve men came up in discharge of their recognizances to receive sentence for having been concerned in a "prize fight" at Ayleston, near Leicester, on Oct 4. They were convicted at the last sessions, on Oct. 15, but judgment was postponed until a point of law reserved for the consideration of the Queen's Bench courts had been decided. The case submitted to the Court for the consideration of Crown Cases Reserved of the Supreme Court of Judicature, composed of the Lord Chief Justice Denman, Judges Lindley, Manisty and Hawkins, was as follows: The defendants were indicted for assembling together for the purpose of a prize fight, and there were other counts in the indictment charging three of the defendants with assaulting the police in the execution of their duty. It was proved in evidence that the defendants and a large number of other persons assembled in a building, and they had their hands waxed, with the consent of the owner, and that an admission charge of one shilling was demanded for each person, after which the door was barricaded to prevent accessby the police. Two of the defendants, Orton and Burrows, were the combatants, and were stripped to the waist, a space being roped in for the ring, and the usual observances customary to a prize fight being observed. Both men fought with great bravery, and, as one of the witnesses swore, "like bulldogs." The fight lasted for nearly forty minutes, each man receiving severe punishment, one of them having had his ear nearly bitten through. Ultimately the police broke in, and one of the defendants told a constable that he had done him out of £7, the fight being for money. For the defense it was contended that this was a sparring match, fought in gloves according to well-known rules, and was not, on the contrary, a "Queen vs. Young," an offense in law. The point reserved was whether, on the facts declared, this was a mere sparring match or an illegal prize-fight. Their lordships upheld the conviction, as the question whether the exhibition was or was not a prize-fight was one for the jury, who had all the facts before them. The chairman, Sir F. T. Fowke, Bart., in passing sentence, said he wished it to be understood in Leicester and neighborhood that the Court were determined to punish with severity all persons charged before them in the future with similar offenses, with a view of putting a stop to prize-fighting, under whatever guise it might be carried on. The principals, seconds, and those who had assaulted the police, namely, John Orton, William Burrows, George Orton, Joseph Collins, Edward Bodycott, and Albert Greenfield, were each fined £2 or a month's imprisonment; and the first-named, who was under recognizances amounting to £40 at the time of the fight, had his sureties estreated.

DEATH OF "GENERAL" JACKSON.

Another of the links which bind the past generation of sporting men with the present has dropped out by the death of "General" Jackson of Cambridge, Eng., who not only taught the redoubtable Tom Savers to fight, but has imparted a knowledge of the manly art to a large number of the amateur boxers of the present day. The "General" was a native of Berkshire, having been born at Hurley Bottom, near Henley-on Thames, his uncle keeping the well known boat-house near the bridge. Young Jackson bore some little share in the first Oxford and Cambridge boat race that was ever rowed in 1829, as he coxswained the Oxford boat several times during practice. After fifteen years' service in the Grenadier Guards he was engaged to teach fencing and boxing at Mahmoud's Gymnasium at Brighton, and it was whilst here that Tom Sayers was placed under his instruction. Whilst at Brighton, Jackson originated "assaults at arms," organizing the first on the occasion of his benefit Coming to London, he exhibited his prowess with the sword, etc., before the Queen and royal family at Holland House, in company with Gordon Cumming, a celebrated African hunter, and others, and soon after took Saville House, Leicester square, where he had for his pupils, among others, the late Charles Dickens and Albert Smith. The former immortalized him by reproducing him as one of his characters in "Bleak House," and conferred on him the title of "General," which he retained throughout his life. In 1835 he went down to Cambridge and established a gymnasium, where, assisted by his sons (one of whom—George—remained with him to his death), he taught gymnastics, fencing and boxing. The Marquis of Queensberry, Mr. T. Mivain, and many amateur boxers of the present day passed through the instruction of the "General." Latterly, Jackson, who in his prime was of magnificent physique, and possessed of remarkable strength, had been in failing health, and on Dec. 23 he died. He was buried Jan. 1, and was followed to the grave by a large number of persons.

DEATH OF ALEC LAWSON.

This undefeated young pugilist died at King's College Hospital, London, Eng., on Dec. 22, of congestion of the lungs. "Little Alec"—as he was familiarly termed—was born on Feb 4, 1845, stood 5ft. 2in. in ring costume, and weighed 11st. His first encounter was with Jim McCormack, for £18 a side, 58 rounds, 2h. 22m., in the Kentish marshes, on May 20, 1867, when Alec won, after a most brilliant contest. W. Pullen (Professor Hundreds) was his next opponent, for £25 a side, and they fought together 45 rounds in 3h. 54m., in two rings, first at Cainham, and eventually below the Halfway House, on the Kentish shore, when darkness set in, and both men fought to a standstill, each drew his own stake. He was then matched with J. Johnson (Matchett) of Birmingham, for £30 a side, at 11st., on Sept. 9, 1868, but was apprehended on Dec. 4, four days before the fixture, and bound over for six months; but on June 24 1869, he was more fortunate, as he defeated the celebrated Frank Wilson (Mat. Collinson's Mouse) for a £30 purse, after a gallant contest of forty rounds, lasting 1h. 20m., on Stockbridge Racecourse. So pleased were several connoisseurs that they offered to match him against any man in the world of his weight; but this met with no response. On Dec. 26, 1875, he was in a public-house in Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, when several ruffians tried to rob a poor old woman, and our hero, interfering in her behalf, had his right leg broken, his ankle fractured, and was so injured about the chest that he never recovered. His funeral took place from George Langham's on the 27th, an enormous crowd congregating to pay a last tribute of respect to one who was generally esteemed for his upright and manly conduct. Among them were George Langham, Bat Mullens, Hundreds, G. Flynn, McCormack and "Tommy Farmer." The remains were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery.

BOYLAN AND MERRIN.

The two months' imprisonment inflicted upon "Handsome Jack" Boylan for his fight with "Clocher" Keogh does not seem to have taken away his relish for the sport of milling, as we learn that on Dec 27 he and another Dublinite named Merrin engaged in a short scrap near Dollymount. The meeting took place in the pleasure garden of a gentleman, and shortly before seven o'clock the stakes were rooted in the snow covered ground. The men fought for a purse of sovereigns, and, having observed the customary etiquette of the ring, and warmly shaken hands, proceedings were actively opened by Merrin, who led off with a solid right-hander upon Boylan's nose. Boylan quickly responded, and it was plain from the outset that the affair would be "a short and merry one." Merrin fought more scientifically than his opponent, and he was all through much readier with his feet. When Merrin moved, about Boylan remained immovable, and upon the sixth round the latter was decidedly "second best." Merrin's assaults being always directed to the face, whilst Boylan confined himself a good deal to body beating about the region of the heart. The men were on the thirteenth round when Merrin, who at the time appeared to be fresher than his antagonist, most unaccountably remarked: "Well, Jack, I'll give you this fight; but I won't be so good to you in the next one." Of course Boylan then claimed and received the purse. Time, 35 minutes.

MIKE GILLESPIE'S BENEFIT attracted a goodly throng to Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre on Thursday, Jan. 16, but it was surprising to see how shy the boxers fought of the stage, although those who did lend a hand were capable men, and their efforts were consequently duly appreciated and much enjoyed by the spectators. Their names were Johnny Reilly and Johnny Saunders (the inseparables, Mike Coburn and Pete McCoy, and Billy Madden and Gus Hill. In addition, Gillespie and Patsy Sheppard gave one of their bang-up finishes, which pleased the boys mightily. Gus Hill also swung clubs, and the male and female members of the variety troupe appeared in a good programme. The beneficiary returns thanks to W. S. Mullaly and Charles Gibbons for favors shown.

RING FIGHT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—At daybreak on Friday, Jan. 17, "Spud" Clarke and George Baker, of Canada, fought for $200 near Salisbury, a score of miles from Pittsburg, Pa. The men are rival teachers of the art of boxing in the City of Smoke, and professional jealousy was the cause of the present contest, which was fought on unscreened ground, without gloves There was only a handful of spectators present, and the battle was not very scientific, but was most stubborn. Clarke held the upperhand all through, and polished his man badly, without receiving much damage in return. The call of time for the thirty seventh round saw Baker unable to continue, and up went the sponge in token of his defeat. The fight having occupied 1 hour and 17 minutes. The winner was waited upon by Charles McCoy, while Tim Sullivan had charge of Baker. A Mr. Stewart acted as referee.

DICK GOODWIN, alias "Spring-heeled Dick," hopes to profit peculiarly by an exhibition to be given for his benefit at Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre, this city, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 23 He will be aided and abetted by a whole host of talent; for, besides being a particularly clever boxer. Dick is well liked by all the boys. It is to be hoped that the public will show their sympathy for him in his misfortunes by racking the house to the doors. Dick will wind up with the ever-youthful Barney Aaron.

PATSY SHEPPARD desires us to return his thanks to James Power, Johnny Carman, Billy Edwards and Fred Burns for courtesies shown him at the time of his recent exhibition in the metropolis.

THE TRIGGER.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The seventh annual meeting of this organization was held on Jan. 14, at which the following directors were elected for the ensuing year: G. S. Schermerhorn Jr., Captain W. S. Casey, Colonel J. H. Cowperthwait, Major D. B. Williamson, Major J. H. Jones, and, to fill a vacancy, Colonel H. G. Litchfield of Gen. Hancock's staff. At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected directors Judge N. P. Stanton was re-elected president, Colonels Gen. W. Wingate vice-president, Geo. S. Schermerhorn Jr. secretary, D. F. Judd treasurer, and Messrs. Schermerhorn, Gildersleeve and Shaler executive committee.

THE BROOKLYN (L. I.) GUN CLUB held their annual meeting Jan. 18, and elected the following officers: President, Dr. Aten; vice-president, A. Eddy; secretary, A. Elmendorf; treasurer, J. C. Monroe; directors, W. Wynn, F. M. Baxter and R. Robinson. The report of the secretary showed that there were thirty-nine active members on the roll, that the average number of competitors in the contests held by the club during the year was thirteen, and that of 2,400 birds shot at 1,900 were killed.

THE EXCELSIOR GUN CLUB of Brooklyn, L. I., held their initial monthly shooting at Monteverde's Grand-street Park, Williamsburg, Jan. 18, a gold badge being shot for at ten birds each, 21yds. rise, 8yds. fall. H. Hedeman and F. Heiser knocked over nine apiece, and, in shooting off the tie, the former killed three straight, Heiser missing his second pigeon. W. Kampmueller and O. Huber scored seven apiece, Hofesgang and P. McGill six, and H. Altenbrand four.

W. M. EDMUNDS of Philadelphia last week forwarded to Captain Bogardus, in our care, the champion glass-ball medal which he won on Long Island in December, but declines to defend, for reasons heretofore stated. Capt. Bogardus received the medal on the 18th, on behalf his son Eugene, whose deposit of $125 was drawn Jan 20. Eugene will be prepared to defend the trophy against all challengers.

A PIGEON MATCH for $50 a side, thirty-one birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, was shot by R. W. Moore and Thos. Bissett at Hensale, Ont., Jan. 13. Each killed twenty birds, and in shooting off (at five apiece) Bissett killed three to Moore's one.

JOHN FORBES the poolseller and turfman was beaten by Geo. Harwood in a pigeon match, $100, 21yds. rise, twenty five birds, at Woodstock, Ont., Jan. 9; score, 16 out of 24 to 14 out of 23 shot at.

CURLING.

NEW YORK vs. MANHATTAN.

On Jan. 14 a two-rink contest took place at Central Park between the New York and Manhattan Clubs, the former winning by the appended score. The play on the New York side at Rink No. 2 was very good.

NEW YORK.	RINK No. 1.	MANHATTAN.
W. Earl,		J. Gault,
W. Houston,		D Ballantyne,
George Grieve,		Major Ferguson,
A. Cock, skip	29	D. Meek, skip	19
	RINK No. 2.	
J. Patterson,		A. McCall,
R Currie,		T. Bothwell,
A. Fyfe,		P. B. Sibleds,
F. Longwell, skip	28	G. T. Addison, skip	10
Total	57	Total	29

Majority for New York, 28 shots. Umpire, Mr. McMillan.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. THISTLE.

A large crowd of spectators, including many ladies, thronged the ice at the Curling Lake, Central Park, on Jan. 18, the occasion being a two-rink match between the St. Andrew's and Thistle Clubs. The result was the decided success of the St. Andrew's players by the appended score:

ST. ANDREW'S.		THISTLE.	
RINK 1.		RINK 1.	
Wm. Ritchie,		A. Campbell,	
Robert McLintock,		A. McKay,	
J. Dairymple,		Robert Mitchell,	
James Kellock, skip	24	John Watt, skip	16
RINK 2.		RINK 2.	
J. Buchanan,		Robert Simpson,	
Thomas Nicholson,		Robert McCormick,	
Joseph Williams,		Chas. McKenzie,	
Geo. Henderson, skip	23	Wm. Brander, skip	17
Total	49	Total	33

EMPIRE CITY vs. MANHATTAN.

The same day the above clubs played a two-rink match at the same place, the contest being a very close one, as the score shows.

EMPIRE CITY.		MANHATTAN.	
		RINK 1.	
Robert Shaw,		James Gaul,	
James Heaney,		David Ballentine,	
James McNeish,		G. T. Addison,	
Wm. Summers, skip	22	Daniel Meek, skip	26
RINK 2.		RINK 2.	
George Loutcher,		Thomas Rothwell,	
John Russell,		P. H. Shields,	
Henry Donovan,		Henry Duncan,	
Robert Russell, skip	24	James Robb, skip	18
Total	46	Total	44

THE FIRST MATCH of the season in this vicinity was that played at Paterson—Lake Haledon—on Jan. 2, when the Paterson Club defeated the New York Caledonians by one shot only. The record of the other matches to Jan 20 is:

Jan. 7, South vs. North, at Central Park		264	to 246
Jan. 9, St. Andrew's vs. Albany, at Central Park		65	55
Jan. 9, Empire City vs. Caledonian, at Central Park		74	58
Jan. 11, Americans vs. Scotch-m, at Central Pk		105	104
Jan. 13, Caledonian vs. Thistle, at Prospect Park		62	78
Jan. 13, Yonkers vs. Empire City, at Yonkers		94	60
Jan. 14, Jersey City vs. Empire City, at Central Park		82	80
Jan. 14, New York vs. Manhattan, at Central Pk		49	39
Jan. 15, Caledonian vs. New York, at Central Pk		89	71
Jan. 18, St. Andrew's vs. Thistle, at Central Park		49	33
Jan. 18, Empire City vs. Manhattan, at Central Park		45	44

NEW YORK vs. NEW JERSEY.—The Inter-State match after two postponements—one from rain and the other on account of snow—was started on Jan. 17, but the umpire very properly declared it "no game." On the day in question only seven of ten rinks could find room on the ice. Play began with that number, however, and the game had progressed about a little over a half when one of the visiting team raised the objection that the game was irregular, saying that ten rinks were called for, and not seven. After an animated conference it was decided to postpone the regular game until Wednesday next, when, if the weather permits, all ten rinks will be in play. Just before the game was stopped the score stood 93 to 49 in favor of New York. The contestants then resumed the game, playing for points only, the result being 128 for the New-Yorkers and 85 for the visitors.

TWO RINKS, made up of members of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, will play a game at the Park some day this week, the prize being a medal, the gift of Secretary Foulis. Skip Maxy More and three members of his champion tug-of-war team will play against Skip George B. Gillie and three muscular lads yet to be selected. When these amateur athletes become sufficiently proficient in handling the curling stones and using the brooms, they will challenge the New York Athletic Club or some other similar organization to meet them on the ice.

SKIP DAVID FOULIS, secretary of the Grand National Curling Club, and Skip Major Ferguson played a scratch game of one rink at Central Park on Jan. 18, the result being 25 shots for the former and 17 shots for the latter.

BASEBALL.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.

This co-operative nine did some good playing in the field last season, their centre-fielder, Clinton, making quite a record, with ten running catches in one match and twenty in three games. Walker's first-base play, too, was excellent. The club averages were:

BATTING AVERAGE.	Games	R	B	Total	P. C. of B.
Anderson, 3d b	14	9	19	51	.351
Walker, 1st b	14	7	17	52	.326
Clinton, c. f	14	8	17	52	.326
Holder, p	14	6	12	47	.266
Kelly, s. s	11	5	8	31	.258
McManus, r. f	14	5	10	41	.260
Tanner, 2d b	14	7	12	50	.240
Golden, c	11	4	7	33	.218
Murphy, l. f	9	3	5	28	.178
Totals		54	107	405	.368

FIELDING AVERAGE.	P. O.	A.	E.	Total Chances	Percent of Chances Accepted
Clinton, c. f	39	3	0	42	1.000
Walker, 1st b	112	3	4	119	.966
Murphy, l. f	12	1	3	16	.812
Kelly, s. s	15	21	9	45	.800
Tanner, 2d b	42	24	20	86	.767
McManus, r. f	10	2	4	16	.750
Anderson, 3d b	11	20	15	46	.673
Holder, p	10	12	15	37	.594
Golden, c	28	13	33	74	.554
Totals	279	99	103	481	.768

MACMAHON vs. S. F. CADETS.

These San Francisco, Cal., clubs played a match at the Recreation Grounds, Jan. 11, with this result:

MACMAHON.	R.	S. F. CADETS.	R.
T. O'Brien, s. s	2	J. O'Connor, s. s	2
Bookstaver, r. f	2	J. O'Neil, r. f	2
Hinkem, 1st b	1	S. Doyle, 1. f	0
J. Carroll, 3d b	1	J. McMahon, 3d b	0
Shea, c. f	1	J. Aitkin, c. f	0
Lacy, 2d b	1	W. O'Connor, 3d b	0
Munroe, p	0	J. Donohue, p	1
Morris, c	2	C. Whitbeck, c	1
T. Carroll, 1st b	2	J. Greer, 1st b	3
Total	15	Total	10

Umpire, J. Morris of the New York Mutuals. Time, 2h 50m.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Nick Young has written to Manager Phillips of Troy that the Troy Club is to be admitted into the League by the unanimous consent of the other seven League clubs. There will consequently be eight clubs in the League this year, and the route from West to East in May will be from Cincinnati and Chicago to Cleveland, Buffalo, Syracuse, Troy, Boston and Providence. The convention at Utica in February next will probably elect Ferguson as president of the Association, and change the name of the Association from International to National. Ward, the Providence pitcher, claims that it is not necessary for him to turn his back to the batsman in pitching in order to be effective. It was only a dodge of his—learned from Ernst of the Hartfords—to prevent the batsman from judging the ball. He can pitch with more accuracy by facing him. The Troy Club's salary-list for 1879, including manager, is but $10,240. Bradley will captain the new nine at Troy, Syracuse, Buffalo and Cleveland baseball patrons are already kicking against the fifty-cent League tariff.

AT A MEETING held on the 6th inst. the Alert Baseball Club was organized with the following officers: President, Jos. W. Harper; vice-president, D. F. Eagan; secretary, Robert C. Thorpe; treasurer, John R. Craig; sergeant-at-arms, C. Thomas; board of directors, John McDonald, A. Craig and W. Shannon; captain, John Harper. The players are J. R. Craig, catcher; W. Shannon, pitcher; John Harper, 1st b.; D. F. Eagan, 2d b.; Robert C. Thorpe, 3d b.; Joseph Harper, l. f.; Alex. Craig, c. f.; Charles J. Thomas, r. f.; J. McDonald, s. s. It is the intention of this club to compete for the championship pennant of 1879.

NATIONAL GUARD BASEBALL LEAGUE.—A meeting of this San Francisco organization was held Jan. 11, when the following officers were elected: President, Charles Le Breton; vice-president, Captain George Bigley; recording secretary, J. T. Fogarty; financial secretary, M. Lacy; treasurer, E. G Sprosel. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and full power to arrange the order of business between the respective clubs conferred on an executive committee, consisting of one member of each club in the League, and composed as follows: John T. Fogarty, chairman; E. G. Sprosel, W. J. Bagry, James Aitken, Samuel Ruddell, Wm. Miller, Charles Lange and George Birdsall.

THE INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN.—Mr. Williams sends us the following:

INTERNATIONAL B. B. ASSOCIATION,
COLUMBUS, Jan. 9, 1879.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. B. B. A: You are hereby notified that the Holyokes have engaged Jas. Sullivan, F. G. Malone, J. Welch, Jere. Dorgan, Martin Powell, Wm. Sullivan, R. C. Winchester, Jerry Turbidy, P. Gillespie and Rodger Connor; the New Bedfords, James Roseman; Manchesters, James Tipper, John Morrissey; Uticas, J. J. Dailey and Thos. Dolan. Yours, respectfully,

J. A. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

ERRATA.—In THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for the present year the date of Daniel O'Leary's arrival at New York from England, after winning the Astley belt, is given as June 27 instead of May 15, 1878, which latter date is correct. In the record of fast time the locale of the Harvard-Yale eight-oared race is stated to have been New Haven, whereas it took place at New London, Ct., as is correctly stated in the chronology for 1878, and also in the table of winners of college match races. The types also make us say that Horace Lee's reported 100 yards time of 10 seconds was made this year instead of in 1878. These two latter errors are very carelessly calculated to mislead, but still it is well to call attention to them and make the record thoroughly reliable.

ICE-BOATING.—The storm of the night of Jan. 15 put a stop to ice-boating at Prospect Park for a time. They never clean the large sixty-acre lake of snow, and the ice-boats cannot, therefore, resume sailing until another thaw, followed by frost, gives the lake a new surface.

BILLIARDS.

STARTING THE TOURNAMENT.

As THE CLIPPER goes to press, night of Jan. 20, the first game is playing, the contestants being Jacob Schaefer and Albert Garnier. During the past week George F. Slosson threatened to withdraw. On Saturday afternoon, while the programme was being made out, he refused to play in the opening game, on the ground that he had not had sufficient opportunities to practice upon such a table as was to be used in the tourney. As it is, two other players withdrew last week on account of illness, viz., Joseph Dion first, and then William Sexton. The latter has been sick ever since the jubilee indulged in by his friends anent Sexton's defeat of Slosson in the so-called championship match. Sexton is half-resolved to go to Florida; and the sooner he is wholly resolved to go there, the better it will be for him. Feeling that he could not do his skill justice, he has done his duty to the public in withdrawing. Were he to attempt to play, they would pin their faith upon his skill to win even against the odds of sickness, and his defeat would injure him almost irreparably in popular estimation. The battle is now between Slosson, Schaefer, and Garnier. Had Sexton remained in, it is probable that Slosson would have drawn out, as he spoke of doing. Daly's chances are not much fancied. As to Rudolphe, his game has very much deteriorated. Where he used to average twenty-five or thirty, he has for this tournament been averaging from eight to twelve. Nevertheless, with those low averages he has been beating Sexton almost right straight along, and on the very table furnished Sexton for practice. This uncommon weakness on Sexton's part is not wholly due to his sickness. It is to be explained much on the same principle as Slosson's refusal to play the opening game. But, as Sexton himself has not seen fit to explain it, it is perhaps not necessary that anybody else should. Sexton takes Slosson's place. Heiser takes the place of Joseph Dion. The other contestant is Thomas Gallagher, making seven in all. This will entail the playing of twenty-one games, exclusive of ties. The tournament, which has, it should be added, been instituted by the Brunswick & Balke Co., is announced as an international one, for the three-ball championship of the world. It is the second one instituted for that rank. In the first, that of 1873 there were but two American players, Daly and Deery; in the present one Garnier is the only foreigner, and he has been living here uninterruptedly for more than eight years. There was no sufficient reason that the tourney of 1873 should have been recognized as for the championship of the world, and there is less reason that this should be. In fact, the championship of the world at billiards is something that will probably never be determined. Knowing that Slosson is out of sorts, and having little faith in the stability of Schaefer, we are inclined to regard Garnier as the probable winner in the present "championship of the world," as he was of that of 1873. Such being the case, he will in all likelihood resign this emblem, as he has resigned other emblems, upon the plea that he has retired from the professional ranks, and that this risks a defense of his position. However, there is a chance for Slosson to recover his breath and regain his grip; but to win this emblem he will have to paddle his canoe up-stream against both Schaefer and Garnier. The opening game of this tournament should go very far towards determining it. If Garnier wins it, there is no good reason that he should not at least make a tie with Slosson. On the other hand, if Schaefer wins it, that will inspire him with confidence to beat Slosson, who has always conquered him in public. We can see why any two of these three players were picked out to play the opening game; for to open with Slosson and Schaefer, or Schaefer and Garnier, or Slosson and Garnier is almost to end the tournament as soon as it has begun. Nothing has been omitted that is calculated to make the first night an notable one as regards a brilliant attendance, and it would not surprise us to see more ladies in Cooper Institute on that night than have ever before been present at billiards. As tournaments are not an experiment in this city, it should not be difficult to make the management fully equal to the attendance.

BOWLING.

PIN KNIGHTS vs. ATHLETIC.

The match between the Pin Knights and Athletics of Brooklyn was played Jan. 13 on the Terpsichore alleys, 294 Bowery, this city. The Athletics are the present champions, they having won the championship the last two succeeding years; and the Pin Knights are the stellar won four straight games, they were considered the favorites. The game was called at nine o'clock, Captain Colon of the Pin Knights making a strike, followed by three more of his team scoring 9 pins each. The Athletics, under Captain Hopps, did not do so well, the score standing on the fifth frame: Pin Knights, 793; Athletics, 783. The Knights continued to forge ahead, winning the game by 126 pins. At least 300 bowlers witnessed the game, every club being represented.

ATHLET-IC.		PIN KNIGHTS.	
R. Hopps	147	Geo Colon	192
Geo. Fielding	159	W. Richardson	166
J. Hughes	177	H. H. Fink	160
D Haywood	108	C. H. Moller	145
A. A Schild	203	Geo. Spencer	171
A. C. Rhoades	213	E. Obrig	159
A. Daniels	148	E. Collum	149
L. Blackwell	142	F. Anderson	163
J. Mollenhauer	163	E. Anderson	157
Wm. Moller	127	J. Moller	162
Total	1,584	Total	1,624

Umpire, Wm. F. Sieken, Manhattan B. C. Time, 2h. 20m.

NASSAU vs. SOUTH SIDE.

The championship match between the Nassaus and South Sides took place on the alleys of the Nassau Club, 28 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., on Friday evening, Jan. 17, the Nassaus being declared winners by 103 pins. By an error of the umpire, the game was rolled in violation of the convention rules, the players putting in their tenth man at the sixth frame, whereas the rule states that players must play in regular rotation, and the umpire should have declared the game in favor of the Long Island Club. But great credit is due the latter club, and it is fair play that the two clubs will roll it over at no distant day, and settle the matter before the Judiciary Committee can render their verdict.

SOUTHSIDE.		NASSAU.	
C. Siebold	191	J. Orr	153
Huber	179	Tostevin	236
Jones	118	Hamilton	169
C. Rodefeld	145	Lofton	180
Schoemaker	131	Wilson	161
Stegmest	137	Sturgis	137
Maelener	141	Mason	144
Jarmain	139	J. McKee	144
Cochran	168	Conover	164
Walsh	166	Taylor	174
Total	1,566	Total	1,669

Umpire, E. Leek, Nameless Club.

LONG ISLAND vs. TERPSICHORE.

The match between the above clubs was played Jan. 14, on the Manhattan alleys, 270 Bowery, this city, and was won by the Terpsichores by a large aggregate, the score won by 124 pins. The game was called at 9 o'clock. The close of the first frame showed eight pins in favor of the Long Islands. The Terpsichores played with hard luck, coupled with bad play, the Burgians being at one time 176 ahead; but the Terpsichores rallied in the last two frames, reducing the lead by 52 pins.

LONG ISLAND.		TERPSICHORE.	
H. Ruppel	136	A. Naething	112
J. Rust	176	W. Biele	149
St. George	145	E. A. Moulle	160
D Ketcham	159	H. Grob	137
C. Kiefer	115	E. Hauff	154
J. Krass	124	C. Biele	107
F. Ziegeteid	126	T. Grentree	115
G. Ketcham	146	H. Naething	94
R. Fletcher	115	F. Schuetz	110
J. Kadaisch	168	C. Eiseman	116
Total	1,375	Total	1,251

Umpire, Samuel Shaw, Manhattan Club. Time, 2h. 30m.

THE CHAMPION MATCH between the Athletics of Brooklyn and the Manhattans of New York will be played on the Terpsichores' alleys, 294 Bowery, on Wednesday evening, the 22d inst.

COCKING.

COCKING MAIN ON LONG ISLAND.

Fanciers from the counties of Kings and Queens fought a main at a pit in Newtown, L. I., on the night of Jan. 15 and morning of 16, and it was witnessed by a greater number of spectators than the character of the fighting merited, seven of the dozen battles ending in runaways—five for Queens and two for Kings. The conditions of the main were that each side should show fifteen birds ranging from 5lb 2oz. to 5lb 14oz., and fight all that weighed in for $25 a side each battle, and $100 a side on the odd fight. The appended table will show the result of each fight:

Strain and Weight.

Battle.	KINGS.		QUEENS.		Won by.	Time.
1	Dominick	5lb 2oz.	Brassback	5lb 2oz.	K..	8m. 34s.
2	Spangle	14	Blue'bom	14	Q.	12
3	Blueb'tom	8	Spangle	8	K.	10
4	Bladeback	6	Pyle	6	Q.	35
5	Brownred	10	Bluegray	10	Q.	9
6	Brassback	5	Blackback	5	Q.	10
7	Pyle	—	Blueb'tom	—	K.	1
8	Blackred	1	Blueb'tom	1	Q.	7
9	Bluered	4	Blackred	4	K.	14
10	Blackred	4	Brassback	5	K.	16
11	Blackred	7	Browned	5	K.	5
12	Dominick	11	Bluered	4	K.	10

It will be seen from the above that Kings County won the main by a score of seven battles to five.

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.
A Society Sketch.

SCENE—*The Boudoir of a* PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY, *who is discovered waiting for the carriage to come round. To her enters her* MAID.

ANNOYED MISTRESS: Well, Staples?

MAID: Oh, if you please, mum, it's the foreign-looking gent again, what smells so o' chemicals.

MISTRESS (*sighing heavily*): It must be Turini, my new photographer. Does he want me, Staples?

MAID: He says he's come on hurgent business, mum.

MISTRESS (*aside*): Oh, that I could muster courage to throw him over, once for all! My life is no longer my own. I will be free! Yes; and yet —yet——(*Aloud.*) Show in Mr. Turini, Staples.

[*She does so.*

MISTRESS: I am just off the park, you see.

MR. TURINI: But, madam, you will surely not miss this splendid light. The plates are all ready, and the costumes, too, and ——

MISTRESS: Why, you took seventeen negatives of me last week. What can you want with more?

MR. T.: Well, it is as madam pleases, of course (*shrugs his shoulders*). I thought you would wish to be taken in the new hat, like Mrs. Southerton East has been.

MISTRESS: What! Has she had fresh photographs published again?

MR. T.: The Camera Oscuraphic Company issued her in five new positions yesterday.

MISTRESS: Oh, that alters the case, of course. I'll come round, Mr. Turini, at once. But how can we think of new poses?

MR. T.: Well, madam, I have had a very neat pasteboard boat made for one picture. You can either be steering or kissing your reflection in the water.

MISTRESS: Has that vulgar Mrs. Southerton East been taken in a boat?

MR. T.: Not yet. But I hear Sanger's people are training a young lion for her to be photographed with, Una fashion.

MISTRESS: But what others of me will you take to-day besides the boat?

MR. T.: Why, I'm expecting a nice clean young sheep my butcher has lent me for the afternoon, and with you, with a crook and a Dolly Varden costume, it ought to make a taking *carte*.

MISTRESS: Oh, Mr. Turini, I knew there was something. How do you think I should do in a bibbed apron, toasting muffins?

MR. T.: Beautiful! There might be a regular kitchen series—rolling paste, and kneading dough, and all that. It would make the Camera Oscuraphic people wild.

MISTRESS: And Mrs. Southerton East too. Then I'll practice the attitudes to-morrow.

MR. T.: I beg your pardon, madam, but we're missing the beautiful light, and if the sheep should come ——

MISTRESS: Staples! order my carriage.

[*Exit Mr. Turini.*

Enter the MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

MASTER: Well, my dear, are you ready for the park?

MISTRESS: Oh, I can't go, dear, after all. I have to go round to Mr. Turini's.

MASTER: What, again? That's the fourth time this week!

MISTRESS: I must perform my duty to the public, you know.

MASTER: Bosh! I beg pardon; I meant bother the public. What are they to us?

MISTRESS: Think of my popularity.

MASTER: Yes, everyone who has a shilling can buy your *carte* and carry it in his pocket-book.

MISTRESS: Ah, there is the carriage. You can ride with me, and put me down at Turini's.

MASTER: Put you down, indeed! You are doing that quite successfully enough of yourself. I am sick of this photographing business altogether.

MISTRESS (*aside, bitterly*): And so am I! But it's all that Mrs. Southerton East's fault. If she would stop being taken, I would too! (*Aloud.*) Good-bye, dear, if you won't come, then.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE WALLED LAKE.—In Iowa, 150 miles west of Dubuque, is a body of water covering 2,800 acres, and whose surface is between two and three feet higher than the ground about it. In some places the water is twenty-six feet deep; it is clear and cold, and has no apparent inlet or outlet. It is confined by a wall of stone, in some places ten feet high and fifteen feet thick at the base. The stones used in building it vary in size from about 100 pounds to three tons. In the country around the lake there are no other stones within a circuit of five or ten miles, but a belt of woodland composed of oak makes the entire circumference of it. It is thought that the trees were planted there at the time the wall was built, and for that reason the wall cannot be of great antiquity. *The Dubuque Herald* says, however, that no one can form an idea as to the means employ

THAT POSTAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ANNE CURTIS,

BY EARL MARBLE.

Since that blest day so long ago,
In May's delicious, gladsome weather,
That held our hearts in memory's thrall
Like thongs of shining patent-leather,
I've watched the mails, and fema'es, too,
Till of my patience I have lost all
In waiting for the letter that
Was promised by that lying postal!

Box twenty-seven-forty-nine
I have unlocked, ah! times so many,
And clutched each letter waiting me,
In hopes 'twas one at last from Annie;
And if I then have sworn a bit,
And cursed my faith in woman most all,
'Twas that I had been so deceived
By that infernal, lying postal!

To Keyport you were off in haste
When you despatched the penny missive;
That is, if your intention held—
Alas! if I could hope it is "if."
Mayhap you dallied with the surf,
And now along the Jersey coast, all
Night and day your wandering wraith
Meanders while I hug my postal.

I'd a dream last night, in which a feast
Before me spread if 'sumptuous clothes
(By Jove! I wish 'twere lunch-time now—
"The thought e'er son unto the wish is"),
And when my toast was clamored for
I simply said "Were I to toast all
The chiefest liars earth has known,
One glass—the first—should greet that postal."

I wonder if the news you said
You heard last Spring from friends in Gotham
Would make you "cut" such chaps as I,
And cause you never more to know them;
I wonder it—but what's the use?
If you don't want the cruel frost all
To settle through my wounded heart,
Make that false card a *truthful* postal.

DRIFTING TO DOOM;

OR,

A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WM. R. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mad," "Wild Nat's Brigade," "Hawks," "The Five Trappers," "The Fire Trailers," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," etc.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY FRANK QUEEN, IN THE YEAR 1878.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN ALDEN AGAIN DEMANDS HIS DAUGHTER.

Caleb Williams and Scott Boyd, slowly reclimbing the mountain side towards the Widow O'Shane's cottage, were startled at hearing behind them the sound of a horse driven furiously. The speed, perhaps, was not so rapid, but only an animal of strength and stoutly urged could come at such a rate over the mountain-road.

They stopped and faced around just as the buggy drew up almost at their side. In it, his face convulsed by a sudden surge of passion, Williams saw the man whom, perhaps, of all men he least desired to see—Annie Alden's father. The few times they had met before their interviews had been stormy, and now there was an awful intelligence to be imparted. His daughter, or the woman whom he loved with all a father's love, lay racked with the tortures of pain the most intense, and her little thread of life almost ready to snap. Perhaps he had not heard the intelligence, though why else he should suddenly make his appearance there Williams knew not. It was a slender hope, born of the instant and fortified by the thought that who the female victim at Mrs. O'Shan's was had not been divulged, he faced Alden as bravely as he knew how, well knowing that he was recognized.

"You double-dyed villains, this explains it, does it? You have her again in your clutches. Give her back to me, or this time you shall not escape!"

As Alden spoke he made a motion as if he would spring from the carriage to hurl himself upon Williams. A gesture from the latter restrained him. He waited for the answer, which came steady and straight:

"Before attempting an attack upon myself and friend here, which might prove disastrous to you since we are both armed, perhaps it would be as well for you to see your daughter, as you persist in calling her. Notwithstanding my marital rights to dictate if I choose, I accord you free permission to visit her. You will find her at a small house a short distance from the road. Take off to the left at the next bypath. Afterwards I advise you, in all friendliness, to approach me cautiously. You have attempted my life once already, and your next attempt will result fatally to someone. Go, now."

Alden cast a furious glance at Williams, drove off, shouting:

"If you have deceived me, you know what you may expect!"

Bad and cruel and heartless as Williams was, he had a courage of his own that had stood fire quite frequently. All that he lacked to be great in almost any direction was positive genius. He had ingenuity, which is somewhat similar in sound but widely different in value, and he had strategic ability; but there was a hazy indistinctness about his plans which the inspiration of time and place could not always sharpen and clearly define. The prospect of a change from a warfare with tools whose handling he was not thoroughly conversant with to a personal battle was actually a relief, and his only regret was that it was but a temporary refuge. He listened abstractedly to Boyd, who spoke solemnly enough.

"Williams, as a friend, I would advise you to get out of this. We've had one taste of that crazy sea captain, and this time I believe he really means murder."

"I shall run the chances until to-morrow or next day, at all risks. By that time I shall know more about matters here. If there is anything like a general strike, as I anticipate, I shall go down to Philadelphia with everything in my own hands. They must come to terms then, if not, for all they think they have their deeds good and fast, I shall break to them gently the fact that there is an unextinguished right of dower which may give them some trouble."

"How would it do to tell them that you had no title to the land at all?"

Scott Boyd asked his question with a covert sneer that the other did not notice.

"Oh, that might set my goose to looking after some of her golden eggs. No; if Alden insists upon it I shall allow him the privilege of nursing my wife, and I shall live in hope that she may eventually recover. The worst feature of her case is the probability that she is burned internally; and you know she is so light-headed that nothing can be made of her answers to any questions. You go on to Woburn, and I will let you know when to report to me."

"But if Taylor is dead why should you bother farther as to what were his rights. If he had none, you know who had."

"Ah, but that is what I must know. If he is dead, it would be better that he was the heir. It would give Alden no chance for the fight that he may otherwise make. Go, then, and I will attend to matters here."

And so they shook hands for the last time in this life, and Scott Boyd departed on his journey eastward.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLES TAYLOR FINDS ANNIE, WHO CANNOT UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY.

Scott Boyd started away from Carbon Cove that evening upon an errand which he did not much relish, but which he had every intention of faithfully performing. His own private business might detain him for a day in New York; then, if he heard nothing to the contrary, he expected to run across the country and interview Beckie Turner, who, as far as he knew, might be old enough for a grandmother to Methuselah, and whose recollections, he was afraid, would be sadly confused. His heart was not in the work, however, and he moved with a laggard step quite different from the intense energy that, unknown to him, Charles Taylor was displaying.

Taylor was not a dead man yet; he determined to show them that he was better than a dozen corpses. So he thought, and ground his teeth viciously as he pondered over the things which had been by chance revealed. That there was deep delusion somewhere, or that Annie Alden was in some way connected matrimonially with Doctor Williams, he fully understood, and raged inwardly at the thought. Whether the woman, whom he confessed in his soul he still loved, was to be blamed, hated or despised, was, in his mind, in abeyance, and to resolve this question he sped away as rapidly as steam could carry him. So rapid were his movements that, before Boyd had reached Carbon Cove, Taylor was on his way to New York.

As he went he had abundant time to think and to plan. It seemed to him that there was now a chance to solve the troubled question of who he was and where he came from. Best of all, it might be that he was somebody. There was a doubt, to be sure, yet the chance gave him a hope, and the hope a desire to believe that there was good news in store. Then the thought struck him that it would be at the expense of Annie.

What of that? If she was the wife of Dr. Williams, her position was firmly secure, and he would tear her image from his heart, well knowing that the substance, nothing to him, was beyond the need of the wealth or name that should be his. If she was free, she had enjoyed all the advantages needed through girlhood, and now a glorious woman might be induced to well pay him for the wrong that in some way had been done him.

So he thought in waking moments; but it was not long before the steady rattle and grind of the car-wheels had lulled him to sleep, and, though frequently awakened, he spent the greater part of the time consumed by his journey in slumber.

Arriving in New York, he rushed right at the work that was cut out for him to do, and at an hour that was so early as to be almost an insult to the lady he sought he hurried to the address given him but little over twenty-four hours before.

It turned out that Annie Alden, as he persisted in thinking of her, was there, and ready to receive him. She was resting on a lounge in the parlor, and looking very pale and miserable. When Taylor crossed the threshold and stood before her, she arose and came towards him, holding out her hand, a look of anxiety resting on her face.

"Dispense with all formalities," she said, "I am glad to see you, since, perhaps, you bring me information of my father. Do you know whether he has been seen in that neighborhood? He was supposed to be lost; but a few days ago returned suddenly, and set out to search for me. If there should be a collision between him and that other man, I know not what dreadful thing would happen."

"I have heard nothing of him," said Taylor, as he dropped the hand which had been laid in his, "but I bring other strange intelligence which I think will be of interest, since it chiefly concerns us both. Pardon me if I communicate it immediately to you; others, who I believe are unscrupulous, are about to move, and there is no time for formality."

She motioned him to a chair, and bade him proceed. Without pause or hesitation, he told her of the events which had occurred at Summit Lodge subsequent to their departure, and gave a full outline of the conversation which he had heard between Caleb Williams and his friend. Then he paused, and looked her steadily in the face, watching and waiting for what he almost felt was his doom.

She did not seem to heed his scrutiny, though her lips quivered and her eyes were cast down. Her thoughts were not of him for the time being; they were with the suffering Clarice.

"Well," said he at length, some degree of irritation showing itself in his voice.

"It is well—you have acted nobly in coming to me. Not another man in a thousand would have run the risk of jeopardizing his interests by revealing what he had best have kept secret. If you desire it, we will look further into the mystery."

"And is there truth in all this?"

"Yes, I believe that truth runs through it all."

"And—I could not clearly understand their allusions—pardon me if I am wrong in mentioning it—you—you are Doctor Williams' wife?"

"Perhaps."

At this strange admission, and the stranger way in which it was made, Taylor sprang to his feet, and would have left the room, but Annie detained him.

"Stop a moment; listen. I too have a confidence. We may be perfect strangers, I may be committing a fatal error, yet hear me, and I shall not weary you with a lengthy story."

He halted, and stood looking down upon her drearily, with his right hand resting upon the back of the chair upon which he had been seated. In a low, clear voice she went on, giving him the outlines of her history, with which the reader is already sufficiently acquainted. As the story advanced Taylor's interest deepened, and at times the back of the chair creaked under the nervous tightening of his clutch. When she closed, his manner was altered, and, though his tone was reserved, he spoke with the deep respect due to one who had explated in pain and grief the folly of girlhood, and yet had not found atonement. The binding melody of her voice rang in his ears after she had ceased to speak; his anger and resentment were gone, and she was as much his star as ever. It seemed the cruelest shaft of his altogether cruel fate that he could not fling himself at the feet of this woman and tell her that he loved her. Yet he knew that she was on the other side of a barrier which, for the present at least, he saw no way to cross; and even were she at liberty to hear and accept his vows, he recognized that, until the question of their identity was settled, they had best not be uttered.

"Knowing what we do, it is best, if possible, to know the rest. That there is something to be learned from the old woman at Woburn, could we only find her, I am satisfied. Therefore, I would seek her at once; and even if I had not promised to communicate any information that I might gather, it would have been my duty to have let you know of my intentions before I took measures to search out this Beckie Turner."

The honesty of this young man was refreshing. Whatever might be his family, he had all the instincts of a gentleman. He was old for his years, and yet fresh and pure and free from the sordid sharpening which struggles in the rough world almost inevitably brings. Annie recognized all this, she remembered his services in the past, and, throwing aside all mock modesty, simply said:

"Let us seek her out together."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BECKIE RISES TO EXPLAIN.

It turned out that the lady, called by those who knew her at all intimately "Aunt Beckie," and by the rest of mankind simply "Beckie Turner," was not hard to find. A few judicious questions from Taylor to the clerk of the hotel at which he, Annie and a lady friend of Annie's were stopping, elicited at once information as to where she lived, who she was, and how to find her. In addition, there was the volunteered statement that she was "rather poorly," and consequently not in the best condition to receive visitors.

They found the little cottage to which they had been directed without much difficulty, and, knocking at the door, were received and bidden to enter by a hard-featured woman who answered their summons.

"We are in search of one Beckie Turner, and have been directed to come here. Is there such a lady under this roof?"

"I reckon it may be aunt that you are after. She is an old woman, sir, and lying pretty low. If you will give me your names and what you want, I will see whether she can see you, though if you have anything to say to her I doubt if it will do much good; she is far gone, and understands but very little of what is said."

"We must see her if it is at all possible," responded Taylor. "She does not know us, but you can tell her that it is a matter of importance. We seek information in regard to the Williams family, with which she had some connection years ago."

The woman went out, muttering to herself. She had no great faith in the visit being likely to result in anything important. When she returned her manner showed that she had not changed her opinion during the absence. She was one who had a decided aversion to being put to any trouble without a likelihood of profit.

"You can follow on up if you like, but there's little you'll learn from her, poor old soul."

Accepting the permission, the little party left the room with their guide, and followed up the stairway. Entering a little, low room, they found themselves by the bedside of old Mrs. Turner the nurse.

The nurse was sitting propped up in her bed. She was a woman of weight. If her intellect had been in proportion to her size, she could have given the visitors the key to all the mysteries of the universe. Doubtless in her time she had seen the insides of the doors of many magnates, and had lived on the fat of the land. That she was not unprovided for, the air of comfort that pervaded the room abundantly testified. To their surprise, also, she exhibited a much greater amount of vitality than they had been led to expect. She welcomed them with a smile, and a feeble motion of the hand.

"Ah, you are of the Williamses, I see," she said, low but distinctly, fixing her eyes upon Taylor. "You're a fine-looking boy; it seems like yesterday that I nursed your mother, Eugenia."

This greeting, so unexpected, seemed almost decisive; it argued that there was more information to be gained than they had even hoped. Yet Charles Taylor did not at once accept the apparent proof. It required more evidence than this to establish the finely-spun theories that he had been almost unconsciously evolving since the time when he had overheard the memorable conversation between Williams and his friend. He turned, and, seizing Annie by the hand, led her up to the bedside.

"Are you certain, Aunty, that your eyes have not deceived you? I have never borne the name of Williams, but here is one who does. Can you trace no family resemblance in *her* features?"

"Good lord!" exclaimed the Turner in a thin, excited tone, "is it back to that you are coming? No; I don't know her; I don't know you. I never seen any Williamses, and don't want to. Git out."

"Do not be alarmed, there is no harm meant. No doubt this very question has given you trouble enough; but we have been the victims of a terrible mistake, and seek to have you do what you can to right it."

"I don't know anything about mistakes," answered the old woman, her eyes roving from one to the other. "I'm sure I never made none. I mind the family, now, since you speak of it, and they never were friends of mine. It was another woman they had to nurse for them—Fanny Brockett was her name, and she lives in Boston. Go away now; I've been sick, and I don't want to see strangers."

Whilst speaking, Aunt Beckie still stared at her visitors in a puzzled way. Her words seemed to come out in a mechanical way, her mind meanwhile being occupied with other things. It took no extraordinary penetration to see that there were some recollections connected with the name of Williams which were not altogether pleasant.

Taylor was not to be denied; he persisted in his search for information, and engaged the old dame in a war of words at close quarters. He insisted that no harm could possibly come to her in any event, and admitted that, whilst he believed she could tell him a strange story, he had very little positive proof. He showed her that, being now near the sere and yellow leaf, every instinct of duty and dictate of humanity demanded that if she knew anything that related to the family of the late Theodore Williams she should at once unfold it. At the end came a suggestion that, whilst the truth could not possibly at this late day in any way harm her, there would probably be money in it for her.

Thus adjured and encouraged, after many false starts, with their almost immediate stoppages, Beckie Turner, in a wandering way, related her story.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A FREE SHOW.

"UNDER THE LAMP-POST."

The scene here represented is one of the most realistic bits of the drama of life that has ever come under your notice. It is a free show, as you will observe by the large assemblage of spectators that crowd the street. Although the performance is going on "Under the Gaslight," it is not the play of that name which came into such favor a few years ago, when the late lamented J. K. Mortimer made such a hit as Snorkey. It may have been adapted from the same French work out of which the drama was fashioned, but there the similarity ends. Aside from the throng gathered together to see this free show, there are two prominent actors, one being easily distinguished from the other by the "wealth of golden locks" that encircle his proud head, while the other, who is so wildly gesticulating, is nearly devoid of such "hirsute appendage." They are both natives of sunny Italy, and work together as a unit. In addition to directing the movements of the "What Is It?" the mop-headed gentleman, you will observe, is playing the organ, which he does with an ease and grace truly remarkable. The piece he is giving vitality to is "My Grandfather's Clock," and it is that which has saddened the heart of the performer on the gas-post. We desire to call your special attention to the delight expressed in the features of the organist, while an air of sadness seems to pervade the faces of the spectators. A show of this kind, being free, is more closely criticised than those at which a charge is made for admittance. The crowd will now chip in.

VEN I VISSLE, DEN I'M SAD—A SONG.

Mine heart dot's fall mit crief,
Dot's busded up mit voe;
I don'd kin got relief
No madder vere I go:
I somedimes hade mineself
Jusd 'cause I feld so bad—
Der oney ding dot I kin done
Vas vissle ven I'm sad.
Chorus.
Yes, dot's der reasons, you musd know;
Now, vasn'd dot doo bad?
Der oney ding dot I kin done
Vas vissle ven I'm sad.

I nefer owned a dog
Or liddle kidden cad
Dot didn'd died in boud dree days,
Vent grasy or got mad;
I nefer don'd found anydinz
Dot dried to made me glad—
So dot's der reasons always I
Do vissle ven I'm sad.
Chorus.—Yes, dot's der reasons, you musd know;
Now, vasn'd dot doo bad?
Der oney ding dot I kin done
Vas vissle ven I'm sad.

I'fe heerd boud beebles round
Dot's always ligbd und gay,
Bud I nefer didn'd knew der dime
Ven I did feld dot vay.
I'm unhabby all der vile,
No comford I kin had;
So dot's der reasons always I
Do vissle ven I'm sad.
Chorus.—Yes, dot's der reasons, you musd know;
Now, vasn'd dot doo bad?
Der oney ding dot I kin done
Vas vissle ven I'm sad.
"OOFTY GOOFT."

W. SHAKESPEARE.

It seems unseemly and unnecessary for us to head this with the name of the sweet bard of Avon, and we should not have done so were it not that some of our foreign readers might claim it as a model of the Duke of Wellington, or Demosthenes, or Claude Melnotte, or Hook the actor. Friends, we assure you that the gentleman before you is none other than W. Shakespeare, who wrote plays and was familiar with all the kings and queens of a bygone age. Our sculp. is a study. You see the pose? Nothing more sublimely artistic has ever been exhibited in this country before. It is modeled out of a single piece of Italian marble, and was completed in just six weeks. W. S., it may be proper to mention, is in the character of Hamlet. The sculptor has selected the scene where Hamlet has entered an ale-house and is coolly waiting for his bit o' beer, pending the arrival of which he gives utterance to that sweetly thrilling soliloquy "Toby, or not Toby," a toby of ale being one of the indulgences of the English people. Every wrinkle of his good black clothes is cleverly simulated, while his spotless linen displays the pure whiteness of the Chinese laundry. Some hypercritical pharisees may object to the contour of his limbs; but such critics are respectfully informed that W. S. was not brought up for the ballet. We admit that there is a certain discrepancy between the legs and the feet, but it was in the head that the gentleman excelled. Next!

AT REST.

LITTLE SWEETLIPS, KEEP YOUR KISSES.

WORDS BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH. MUSIC BY PHIL P. KEIL.

LITTLE SWEETLIPS.

Little sweetlips, keep your kisses,
Each and ev'ry one, for me—
Keep them all for one who misses
Them so far away from thee;
Mine the only right to gather
All their sweetness full and free;
So, while parted, I would rather
Have you keep each kiss for me.
Chorus.—Little sweetlips, keep your kisses,
Keep them ev'ry one for me,
Till my heart no longer misses
All their sweetness full and free.

Little sweetlips, keep your kisses—
It will not be very long—
Let none steal away the blisses
That you know to me belong;
Do not sigh because I wander
Just a little while from thee—
Absence but will make me fonder
Of the kisses kept for me.
Chorus.—Little sweetlips, etc.

Little sweetlips, keep your kisses,
And to me be always true;
None my heart so truly misses
As each little kiss and you;
Soon again to you returning,
I your sunny face shall see;
Then how sweet to me the learning
Ev'ry kiss is kept for me.
Chorus.—Little sweetlips, etc.

AGAIN IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1850.

We present our readers with copies of other advertisements of amusements, taken from the same source as those published a few weeks ago, and contributed by Wash. Victoria of Philadelphia, Pa. The National Circus was located upon the site of the present Continental Hotel. Richard Rivers and Burnell Runnells are living; Hiram Franklin was long dead some years ago; Master Franklin still follows his profession. W. Odell died in Philadelphia Oct. 29, 1866. Silas Baldwin died in Harrisburg, Pa., June 3, 1867; Alex. Rockwell the clown died several years ago. The Yellow Cottage was a popular resort situated some distance from the heart of the city, and was reached by a line of omnibuses and private conveyances. At Musical Fund Hall the New Orleans Serenaders, then in the height of their popularity, were performing. Mr. Swaine is J. Swaine Buckley, the last of a talented family, and now in retirement; we think that J. C. Rainer is living; J. H. Collins died in Havana, Cuba, in December, 1860; Nelson Kneass died in Chillicothe, O., Sept. 10, 1869; Master Ole Bull (Frederick Buckley) died Sept. 15, 1862; Master B. Sanford is before the public; Ben Mallory died in Savannah, Ga., Nov. 2, 1859. At Masonic Hall Johnny Walker, whose real name is John Badman, exhibited his skill and powers of endurance in skipping a rope. He is living in London, Eng. At Gloucester Point, a pleasant suburban resort on the Delaware River, a few miles below the city, and reached by excursion steamboats, the Grotto Museum was an attraction. Barnum's Museum, which had previously been known as the Athenæum Theatre, was situated on the southeast corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets. P. T. Barnum, besides exhibiting curiosities, gave dramatic performances. Among the stars who played there about this time were Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Conner, W. B. Goodall, who created a sensation in his performance of Edward Middleton in "The Drunkard," the Bateman Children—Kate and Ellen—the Seguin Opera Troupe, the elder Booth, Charles Dibdin Pitt and others. Mrs. E. N. Thayer died in Atlantic City, N. J., July 22, 1878; John Lewis Baker died in Philadelphia March 22, 1873; Miss Alexina Fisher, now before the public as Mrs. A. F. Baker, appeared Sept. 1; J. Hall Robinson, whose benefit was announced, died in Milwaukee, Wis., June 7, 1862.

NATIONAL CIRCUS, Chestnut street, below Ninth.
Richard Rivers.....Proprietor

THE GREAT OLYMPIC CIRCUS
(Late of the Astor place, New York)
will commence on MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 2, combining the best talent in the Union.
Principal Riders—MASTER DOLE, RICHARD RIVERS, HIRAM FRANKLIN, B. RUNNELLS, MASTER FRANKLIN, and W. ODELL.
Gymnastic Performers—S. BALDWIN, W. COLE, J. BROWN, JR., and LINSEY HILSEY.
The Circle will be enlivened with the laughable sayings of the celebrated Yankee Clown ALEX. ROCKWELL.
Equestrian Manager.....H. Franklin
A performance on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
Boxes and Parquet, 25c.; Gallery, 12½c.; Private Boxes, 50c. Seats secured from 10 till 5. For particulars see bills.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT THE YELLOW COTTAGE
ON SATURDAY, Aug. 31, at 4 o'clock P. M., on which occasion the celebrated HERR RYGANDO
will perform the courageous feat of
WALKING A SINGLE WIRE A DISTANCE OF 400 FEET
BY 35 FEET HIGH.
N. B.—The omnibuses will leave the Exchange every five minutes for the above place.

MUSICAL FUND HALL.
RETURN OF THE FAVORITES, THE CELEBRATED
NEW ORLEANS SERENADERS' OPERA TROUPE.
MESSRS. SWAINE, COLLINS, KNEASS, OLE BULL, BURKE, AND SAMUEL S. SANFORD
beg most respectfully to inform their friends and the public that they will have the honor of appearing in their inimitable entertainment illustrative of negro life and character ON MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 2, 1850,
and continue every evening in the week, with a grand selection of New Songs, Glees, Choruses, Refrains, Solos, Dances, &c.
This company, during one hundred nights at the Melodeon, Howard Athenæum and Boston Museum, were honored by one hundred thousand of the first citizens of Boston and its vicinity, who pronounced them the best musicians and delineators of Ethiopian character that ever visited that city.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Original Overture.....Full Band
Opening Chorus (Original Burlesque), from the opera of "Ernani".....Company
"Go Way, Black Man".....Swaine
"Jenny Lane".....Collins
Song and Dance, "Jim Crow".....Rainer
"Nelly Brown".....Kneass
Bone-solo, by the Original Introductor.....Swaine
Operatic Chorus.....Company

PART II.

Violin-solo.....Master Ole Bull
Ballad, "Sally in Our Alley".....Collins
Banjo-solo.....Swaine
Double Fancy Dance.....S. Sanford and Mallory

PART III.

A grand new burlesque, first time in this city, entitled
REMINISCANI ITALIANO OPERINI,
being a burlesque and random imitations of the celebrated Havana Opera Troupe, now performing in New York.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
Signor Boni Salvi.....Mr. G. Swaine
Signor Marini Rarini.....Mr. J. C. Rainer
Signor Orsini Vietti Collini.....Mr. J. H. Collins
Colored Mutes, etc., by the whole strength of the Company.

PART IV.

Chorus.....Company
"Going to Run All Night".....Swaine
New Song.....Kneass
For the first time, "The Drum Polka," by the whole Company (original). To conclude with a Novel Dance by B. Mallory, performing a feat never attempted by any other dancer living.
Tickets, 25 cents. To commence at 8 o'clock.
A few "Melephones" for sale by J. Burke, sole agent for the company in Paris.

WARM WORK. SKIP! SKIP!! SKIP!!!
One of the greatest feats ever heard of in the world will be performed on
SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 31, AT THE MASONIC HALL, CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SEVENTH.
JOHNNY WALKER,
the celebrated professor of pugilism, has undertaken to skip, with a common piece of rope, the extraordinary and unprecedented number of six thousand consecutive skips in one hour. In order to accomplish this wonderful feat, he, Mr. W., must pass the rope under his feet above one hundred times per minute, and without missing more than three times, or he loses the match.
JOHN WALKER, Teacher of the Art of Self-defense, No. 40 South Sixth street, is allowed to be the most scientific master of the present day. Rooms are now open from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M. The most weakly person will derive great benefit from J. W.'s method of instruction.

GROTTO MUSEUM,
NOW OPEN AT GLOUCESTER POINT,
containing the following views: Garden of Eden, Woful Fall and Golden Age; also, Cain Slaying Abel, Moses and the Burning Bush, Abraham Offering up Isaac, Rebecca at the Well, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and Joseph Sold by his Brethren, etc., etc. These views contain upwards of three hundred figures, all cut out of wood with a knife; the largest figure is scarce two inches long. They are the production of a Scotch mechanic during the last sixteen years of his overtime. This is certainly one of the most amusing and delightful retreats for visitors with families. Candies and refreshments.
Admittance, 12½ cents, spent at the bar, or 6¼ cents without any refreshment. Children half price.
J. HEPBURN.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM,
CORNER OF SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.
P. T. Barnum.....Proprietor and Manager
Henry Sanford.....Assistant Manager
A PECULIAR SUCCESS OF THE NEW COMPANY,
who were heartily received upon the opening night, and have since performed to abundant and applauding audiences.
HOUR CHANGED.—Afternoon performance to commence at 3½, and evening performance at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
First appearance of
MRS. THAYER AND MR. BAKER.
During the week, "The Broken Sword," "Not to be Done," "Our Mary Ann," "Turning the Tables," "My Sister Kate," "Married Life," etc., for which refer to bills of the day.
A pair of living Elks to be seen this week, with the other curiosities.
Due notice of the appearance of MISS ALEXINA FISHER will be given.
A Gorgeous Oriental Spectacle in rapid preparation.
SATURDAY EVENING, FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MR. ROBINSON.
Admittance, 25 cents; children under 10 years of age, 12½ cents. Parquet seats, 12½ cents extra.

THE TONEY HOTEL-CLERK.

TO MY FRIEND J. R. WILSON JR.

I'm a toney hotel-clerk, and from my duties never shirk,
Though I move in the highest of society;
I attend the best soirees, and conduct myself with ease
And enjoy a glass of wine, but with propriety;
The boys they call me Billy, with the ladies I am Willie;
I'm a favorite with the ma's and the pa's;
They say I dance so neatly, and sing so very sweetly,
That really I am quite the prince of beaus.
Chorus.—For I always dress in style, but really have to smile
At the words that greet my ears while I'm at work;
For the guests they often say, as they throw a glance my way,
What a handsome-looking, gentlemanly clerk.

Our glee club gave a ball at the Philharmonic Hall—
We had the wealth and beauty of the city—
I arrived, of course, quite late, and there I met my fate
In the person of my charming little Kittie;
I called a friend aside, and my feelings tried to hide
While I said I wished he would me introduce;
He, being then at leisure, said: "Certainly, with pleasure;"
'Twas then I knew my darling Kittie Bruce.
Chorus.—For I always dress, etc.

The next time that I met her, I confess, I liked her better,
For I called on her next Sunday at her home;
I was introduced to pa, likewise her dear mamma,
Who retired soon and left us quite alone:
I then told her of my love, and the darling little dove
Said she did not want my feelings for to hurt.
But her friends to her had said that I did not have a red—
Still she loved her handsome, toney hotel-clerk.
Chorus.—For I always dress, etc.

San Jose, Cal. OSCAR H. KENNEDY.

SEEING THE MENAGERIE.

The animals described in the anecdote related below are of the inexpensive kind to keep, as they require neither cages, food nor horses for their transportation. They may be said to "come like shadows, so depart."

"Yes, we had a tough time of it," said a chap last Saturday night in a Second Ward saloon, "but good times is a comin', and afore you know it, the circusses will be around with their elephants, tigers, rhinerossesses and ——" "What's that you're sayin'?" interrupted a seedy, red-nosed individual coming from behind the stove. "Tigers and rhinerossesses and circusses? Why, I'm seeing them kind of menageries every day, and worse nor them. I seed last night a whole caboodle of animiles, a-playin' roun' me with forked tails and p'inted horns, and they was all a-chewin' red-hot coals. I pay no stamps to see a second-hand show, when I can have a first-class circus all to myself to home. Look there," he continued, gazing earnes. y at a corner of the saloon, while his auditors instinctively backed off from him, "there's the red dragon now; the one as stands on his head and wobbles his tail about. Aint he a snorter?" The red-nosed man might have enumerated all the animals in his menagerie if there had been anybody left to listen, and when a couple of minutes afterwards, the proprietor entered with a policeman, they found him acting as umpire in a fight between a grizzly bear with a green head and a boa constrictor with twenty-seven forked tails.

ALICE MURDOCK:

A MYSTERY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MNEMOSYNE.

The play had been "Macbeth;" the theatre had been unusually crowded, the acting more than usually intense, thrilling and impassioned. To her who had personated the woman of firm will, unshaking courage and dauntless determination when her weaker husband had been deterred by "compunctious visitings of nature" and "letting I dare not wait upon I would," shrank from staining his hands in "multitudinous seas incarnadine," appeared to have been given more than a usual soul of fire and exceptional eloquence. All previous efforts had been distanced, and that night she had shone the brightest of stars.

There was no outburst of applause when the curtain descended. Murder had been too real. A beautiful woman had stained her white hands and whiter soul too deeply for all the "perfumes of Arabia" to again sweeten and purify. The horrible shadows of death had been no "unreal mockery," but a living, terrible reality—the representative was nature, not studied art, and men crept away unspeaking and white-faced, and white-lipped women shuddered as if they had been unwilling witnesses of the foulest of deeds.

That night, if never before, Alice Murdock had won the highest wreath that could be placed upon the brow of a tragic actress, and the impression of the masterly impersonation appeared to have left dark shadows upon her own soul, as well as those who were but lookers-on at the mimic scene. She avoided the customary ovation of her admirers—avoided the praise wrung even from those jealous of her brilliant powers—avoided the petite supper usually indulged in to restore her exhausted strength—was lost to all gaze in the privacy of her own room; dismissed her attendant; and as soon as the weary head sank upon the pillow the eyes were closed, and sleep, "the restorer," held to the but lately burning lips the draught of sweet forgetfulness and repose.

Not so with him who had played the Thane. Surrounded by friends, he listened eagerly to their every word of praise of the actress. There was more between them than simply a mimic passion. Where love was pictured, the acting partook too much of nature to be mistaken. Burning words—the sweetest that can be whispered, the dearest that can be breathed—had been heard and answered, and each was looking forward to the close of the brief season as the time when the song of Parthenia would become to them a radiant fact, and their two hearts be joined as one for life.

It was late when the enthusiastic circle was broke and stillness took the place of almost unseemly noise in the hotel. But the feeling was fixed and intensified when, an hour later, the Macbeth of the evening rushed from his room, in sleeping-garments, and made the halls resound with the cry of "Murder!"

That ever-fearful alarm caused him to be again instantly surrounded, and a ghastly sight he appeared as he staggered towards his friends along the dimly-lighted hall, with his long night-robe stained and sodden with blood, his face as ashes, his eyes strained and staring, and his trembling hands uneasily clutching at his heart!

"Great Heaven!" was questioned by everyone in a breath, "what is the matter? How has this happened? Who could have done the terrible deed?"

"I know not," was answered. "I was sleeping, felt the plunging of some sharp weapon into my side, saw a figure glide, and felt the hot blood gushing forth, and—O God! tell Alice Murdock to come to me quick, for I am dying—dy——"

He fell fainting into the arms of those nearest to him, and was carried to a bed. Then someone would have rushed for the actress, but a physician who was present strictly forbade.

"The woman is already overtaxed with her efforts," he said. "and must be disturbed. Besides, she would only be in the way, and, as I understand there is unusual feeling between them, the consequences might be fatal. I do not imagine any immediate danger, and the morning will be ample time to inform her."

With prompt decision he cleared the room of all save necessary attendants, and gave attention to the victim of some unknown midnight assassin, while audibly muttering his opinions.

"The wound" (it proved but a single one) "was made by a long, double-edged, sharp-pointed instrument—a dagger, I should say—and was driven by a firm hand. But it missed the heart, and, though the loss of blood has been great, life has been spared."

His remarks caused an instant search, and such a deadly instrument as he had described was found secreted beneath the pillow, and the theory of suicide was raised.

"No," answered the physician; "from the nature of the blow, that is impossible, and there must have been a motive for the deed. It might be ——"

He failed to express an opinion as to his idea of the cause, and, after all that was possible had been done to the way of his profession, took the murderous instrument with him, and summoned some of the theatrical company. But no one had ever seen such a dagger, and the clearest mind could find in it no clue.

"Might it not have been," he questioned, "that some of the company had it unknown to you?"

"No," was replied by all; "we know the properties too well."

"Then it must have been recently procured, or else used by a stranger to your boards. But what the motive? Could it have been from jealousy?"

That idea was scouted. There was not one otherwise than a friend to the wounded actor, and, though there might be those who envied him the winning of the love of Alice Murdock, yet no one would have been dastard enough to attempt his life.

"And the lady? Might she not be able to throw some light upon the affair?"

"She does not even know what has happened," replied an elderly woman of the company. "I was at her room, and found that she received no answer to my repeated raps and calls, and she must be sleeping heavily after her fatigue. Poor child! it will be a fearful blow to her, for I know how well she loves him, and what bright anticipations she has of married life."

Her words were prophetic. In the morning, when Alice Murdock was awakened and told the events of the night, for a time, it was found unnerved, and with difficulty could be quieted. And when at last she was quieted, all who saw her noticed what a great change had occurred. Her cheeks appeared sunken; her eyes, hollow, had lost their brightness, and were circled by dark rings; her face was ashy in its paleness, and her voice had an unnatural and metallic ring, very different from the flexible sweetness that had won every heart. And when led to the side of her lover, and she had madly flung herself upon his breast, and covered his white lips with passionate kisses and rained down tears, not a single eye remained unmoistened. There was a deep pathos and love in her actions that could not have been counterfeited—a depth of heartagony that defied all attempts of the art to reproduce; and could it have been successfully done upon the stage, it would have added the brightest jewel to the crown of the actress.

Regardless of all other things, Alice Murdock hung over the bed of her wounded lover until recovery came. Most truly she nursed him back to life and health. The mystery of the attempted murder remained unsolved. The most wily detectives were at fault. No possible clue could be obtained. The dagger was strange to all, and the shuddering Alice put it out of sight as a thing "murderous and dangerous."

With restored health, the now strangely-united couple returned to their professional engagements, and the enthusiasm which had made Del Haline (in which they made their reappearance) the wealth of their hearts shone out, and they gave such an interpretation to the lines of Bulwer as rarely, if ever, thrilled the public ear. It was a perfect chaining of soul, and taking prisoner of the senses by the majesty and power of love. And when the performance was ended, and the curt

HOW THEY GOT ACROSS.

[EDITOR CLIPPER.—During a spiritual *seance* last evening, the following poetical reply was received by one of the anxious spectators from a departed brother; and, as it contains an allusion to other parties of general interest, I inclose the communication for your paper.]

Going Over.

You ask me, dearest brother,
Why I never came before—
Why my disembodied spirit
Has not rattled at your door?
But the fault, if fault there was,
Is not chargeable to me,
As when I tell my story
You can't help but plainly see.

You remember when we parted—
When my spirit sought to soar
Far away from all 'twas mortal
To that bright and shining shore—
That I told you of an angel
Which appeared as in a dream,
And stood waiting my arrival
To conduct me 'cross the stream.

'Twas a bitter disappointment,
For, scarce had I reached the bank,
When one of death's grim ferrymen—
An immortal, tall and lank—
Coolly asked for "fifty dollars
If he paddled me across,"
And informed me with a chuckle:
"This was orders from the Boss."

But, being out of lucre,
I was told to "stand aside,
And make room for Alexander,
Who that moment had just died!"
But judge of my astonishment
When he, too, had to plead
A lack of good collateral,
Just in the time of need.

But now 'twas growing very dark,
And stars, those heavenly lamps,
Shone down on us—now equal clods,
A pair of ghostly tramps—
When another weary pilgrim,
Who had left his cash behind,
Muttered curses loud and deep
Against the ferryman unkind.

Then he tried another method—
He endeavored to be calm,
And meekly asked the boatman:
"Do you know, sir, who I am?"
"My name is Jenks, or was;
I'm from Binghamton, N. Y.,
And unless I'm taken over
I shall know the reason why."

But no amount of cursing
Or the honeyed use of "lip"
Was in the least effective
In the absence of the scrip.
Then I smiled—I could not help it—
As he turned and walked away,
And I remembered the old adage:
"Every dog will have his day."

As I sat me down and wondered
Was there *anyone* with cash,
A gentleman stepped forward
Stroking down his fine moustache,
Counted out the fifty dollars
From a roll that show'd no loss,
And asked his friend the boatman
Why *see* didn't go across.

Then Jenks spoke out: "By Jiminie,
Knock me higher than a kite,
If that chap with all the lucre's
Not my old friend Captain Bright!"
I will tell you what's the matter;
My dear captain, we are *bust*,
And I'd like an explanation
How *you've* provided with the dust."

But the captain, ere he answered,
Told us all "to get aboard,"
Paid the ferriage for the party
Without uttering a word.
Then he answered: "I was fearful
That all earthly cash would stray,
So I got *my* scrip *post mortem*,
Which you see's the better way!"

Susquehanna, Pa., Jan. 13, 1879. W. J. C.

DICKIE WAYNE:
A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. MILT. HOFFMAN.

There were three of them—two girls, fifteen and seventeen, and a man—and they called themselves the Happy Go-Luck Combination. I had never seen them before, nor heard of them, and neither the man nor the girls had ever seen or heard of me, I am sure. I had just started business as a physician in a small Western city, and was unmarried and about as poor as I well could be and live. If I had not been loitering in hotel-board at the time, probably I should not have made the acquaintance of the Happy Go-Luck Combination; but, as it was, I saw the man professionally—he had the colic—and received a ticket to his show in the evening for my services.

"What sort of an entertainment do they give?" questioned I of the man who was industriously billing the town that evening.

"A first-class entertainment," he replied; "the man is boiling over with fun, and the girls sing like angels. I tell ye, boss, it's a treat that we don't get every day. Better go and hear 'em."

The show was advertised to commence at eight o'clock, and I went in early in order to get a good seat. The house was moderately full, and a strange expectancy, amounting almost to curiosity, pervaded the audience. I did not see why this should be, considering that the company numbered but three, and they only strolling musicians.

"You don't understand it," ventured the man who occupied the seat next to me, and to whom I had turned for information. You see, the eldest girl, Dickie, used to live here, and has had a strange experience."

"Ah, indeed!" I returned, a little curious to know more about the girl. "A great many of that kind of people—show people, you know—have had strange experiences. Will you be so kind as to tell me what might be hers?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the stranger, "and it won't take me long to do so, for there isn't much to tell. You haven't seen her yet, have you?"

I was about to make a negative reply, when the curtain rose on the three musicians, and, stepping to the footlights, they sang, unaccompanied by any instrument, as sweet a song as I had ever heard. The three voices were in perfect harmony, and the listeners were thrilled.

"That was she on the right," said my friend, when the trio withdrew. "They advertise her as Dickie Wayne, but that isn't her name: it is Alice Rivers, and a very pretty girl she is too. Think so?"

"Indeed I do," I replied. "She is beautiful in face and form, and her voice is magnificent. You say she was born here?"

"No, not here; but this used to be her home; she lived here several years. They were English people, and in good circumstances when they came here, and Alice, or Dickie, if you please to call her, was their only child. She was a very bright little girl, and grew up wonderfully pretty, and learned to play the guitar and sing admirably. But her folks were queer people, very queer, and for some reason or other kept aloof from everybody. Finally the mother died, and before twelve months had passed the father met with an accident which caused his death, and the girl, then fifteen, was left alone. Then the people took an interest in her affairs, and it was found that, contrary to general belief, there was little or no property left to the orphan girl, and the question now was what should she do?

"There is always a way provided for us, it seems, and the little girl was taken care of for a while, at least. A kind lady took her to her home, and for three months she lived there, and was as contented as could be under the circumstances. But there was an idleness about her, and she determined in some way to help herself. About this time a company of strolling musicians came along, and the manager, hearing of her talent for music and liking her appearance, offered her employment. Gladly she accepted it, and then began her life on the stage. By this time all the little property left by her father was gone; there were many debts to pay, and she was not loth to turn the property over to her father's creditors. Out of the general sacrifice but one article did she save, and that was a small painting in oil, rather a rough specimen, people thought, worth at the most about $10. She was offered that amount for it the day she left, and her answer is worth repeating.

"'I thank you for the offer,' she said, 'but, were it one hundred times as great, I could not accept it. No, the painting goes with me, and I shall not part with it.'

"People thought her very foolish for this; but the picture was brought from England, she said, and was a sort of heirloom in her family.

"So she went on the stage and began to sing for a living, and all through this part of the country, where she is known, she was very popular. Finally, after an absence of two weeks, she returned suddenly, and in great agitation. The little painting she valued so highly had been stolen, and was nowhere to be found. The loss of it almost drove her wild. 'I must find it, though I search for it the rest of my days,' she declared, and started off, heavy-hearted and alone, to entertain the people with her songs."

"And has she found the picture yet?" I asked, feeling a new interest in the girl.

"I think not," replied the man; "but you may depend upon it she is still searching for it. See! now she is coming out again. Look and listen."

I did both, and was charmed. The girl was very pretty and her singing was superb. It seemed impossible that she should be insane over a mere picture.

After singing the pretty ballad through the girl retired, and then followed other attractions, and after a while another song by the favorite, Dickie Wayne.

This time she sang and played better than before, if such a thing could be, and received a hearty encore at the end; but just then, while the people were applauding, there arose a cry of "Fire!" which sent a thrill of horror through the room.

My eyes were on the singer at the time, but I sprang up at once, and just then a tongue of flame darted over the stage, and I saw with horrified eyes that the whole canopy above, and a greater part of the scenery on one side of the stage, was on fire. I saw all this in a moment, and then, like a flash of lightning, came the thought of danger, and, turning, I was about to join the frantic crowd pushing for the doors, when a scream from the stage turned me back in an instant.

"Help! help!" came in piercing tones, and the next instant Dickie Wayne, her dress in a blaze, sprang towards me, the cruel fire fairly lapping her face.

What could I do? I must save her if possible, and there was little time to lose. So, with not even a thought of what I could do, I sprang to her side, and, seizing two rough carpet-rugs that were lying near, wrapped them lightly around her, thus smothering the fire. It was all the work of an instant, but the danger was not yet over; the building was in a blaze, and a perfect jam of excited humanity filled the doors; and there was I, a fainting girl in my arms, the very last person in the room.

I need not go into the details of this wild rush for safety; it is enough to say that no lives were lost, though many persons were injured, and, worst of all, Dickie Wayne. She was not burned so badly, but the terror and fright almost killed her, and for a while her life was despaired of. The people at the hotel were very kind to her, she was given the best room in the house, while I, in my professional capacity, did all I could for her.

So the days passed. The poor girl suffered greatly. Part of the time she was delirous, and then she would rave about the lost picture, and was inconsolable. During this time many people came in to see her, and her girl companion on the stage was by her side almost constantly. One day the latter said to me as I came in:

"Dickie is sleeping. She is better to-day, a good deal better. But I have had a great time with her. Do you see that little painting over there?"

It was a small painting in oil, and hung on the wall at the foot of the bed.

"She has not been truly herself before until to-day," went on the girl; "she talked some to me, and about the first thing she noticed was that picture; and, before I knew what she was about, she rose right up and looked at it. Then she clapped her hands and laughed wildly."

The girl was about to say more, but just then the sleeper awoke, and instantly her eyes sought the picture on the wall.

"I have found it at last," she whispered; "it is the very one—my father's picture and mine. I am almost afraid to sleep lest it should disappear."

She went on talking this way, and, finally, turning to me, said:

"You will see that no one takes it, will you not?"

I promised her anything and everything, and she appeared satisfied. Then I went down and asked the landlord where he had bought the painting, and he replied that he had purchased it at a pawnshop in Chicago.

"Very well; what will you take for it?" I asked.

"It is worth about ten dollars," he said; "give me what you please."

I gave him ten dollars for it, and the next time I went to see my fair patient I made her a present of it. Then indeed was she happy. She could not thank me enough. From this time on she grew rapidly better, and if the picture was ever out of her sight I did not know it.

During her convalescence, I own my attentions to her were not altogether professional. I had seen her many times too often as a patient, and now I loved her. It is a strange way people have of doing, but I could not help it; and it is stranger still that she loved me. In short, in less than three months from that time we were married.

"And the picture?" I said to my wife about a month after we were married; "how about the picture?"

She took it down from the wall and held it up before me.

"This is my dower," she said, "and my father saved it for me. It does not look valuable, but it is a costly treasure. In this one picture there is a fortune. It is an 'original' by Peter Paul Rubens!"

I must have looked astonished—at least, I felt that way, and the little woman went on:

"What do you think has been offered for the picture in London?" she asked. "A sum equal to $15,000, and not a cent less will buy it. Let us take the painting there at once."

And we did. Connoisseurs in London pronounced it an original painting by Rubens, and $15,000 was paid for it at once.

"It is not a very great sum," said my wife as the cash was handed over; "but we may as well take it."

Which you may be sure we did.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC TRAITOR.

Miss Priscilla Pett had a couple of strings to her bow, or, if you like it better, a couple of beaux to her string—her apron-string, of course.

One was Chuckle the actor.

The other was Buckle the clerk.

Both loved her wildly, passionately; but Chuckle did not know that Buckle loved. Nor was Buckle, on the other hand, aware that Chuckle adored.

(Miss Pett had been too clever for that.) Her admirers' diversified occupations favored her deception. With Chuckle she was willing to spend, say a "happy *day*;" but the evening was reserved for Buckle, who knocked off work at about the time Chuckle commenced to prepare for his nightly toil. Her Sunday society she bestowed on her admirers alternately.

And so both Chuckle and Buckle lived in a fool's paradise, of which Priscilla Pett was the Eve—an Eve so artful that it is very certain no serpent could have "taken her in," save, perhaps, after the rib-distending fashion of the boa-constrictor.

One day Buckle was struck by a brilliant idea, and he at once proceeded to carry his notion into execution. With a brown-paper parcel under his arm he waited for Chuckle outside the stage-door that same night.

"Come home to my lodgings, old fellow! You are the very man of all others capable of doing me the service I require," he said, linking his arm in that of Chuckle.

And Chuckle went.

"What is it?" he inquired of Buckle, when they were seated in the latter's abode over spirits and water and segars. "And what the deuse have you got in the brown paper?"

"A phonograph."

"No."

"It's a fact. It's for a birthday present. Original—eh, Chuckle?

"Oh, very!"

"But it's more than a present or a phonograph, Chuckle. It's a messenger of Cupid, Chuckle; or will be when you, as an elocutionist, have done me the little favor I have to beg of you."

"Then you love, Buckle?"

"I do!"

"So do I!"

"O Chuckle! Mine's name is Priscilla."

"So is mine's. O Buckle!"

"Odd!" remarked Buckle. "But your Priscilla isn't a Pett, and mine is."

Chuckle started.

"So's mine!"

"But, my good fellow, I mean Pett with a double *t*. Surname, don't you see? Your's *can't* be Pett with a double *t*, you know."

"Of course not," muttered Chuckle, now on his guard.

Then Buckle unfolded his scheme to his attentive friend. He acknowledged to being shy, bashful, and retiring to a degree; and confessed that he had never hitherto been able to screw his courage to the proposing point when alone with his Priscilla. It was a formality which must doubtless be gone through with; but Buckle declared his inability to grapple with it.

"Then what are you going to do?" asked Chuckle.

"Send her this scientific toy on her birthday."

"How the dev——"

"With my declaration inside of it, mind. This is how the thing will act. Priscilla receives the parcel—tears off the wrapper—discovers the phonograph—turns a little handle—and presto! forth pours the impassioned eloquence of her own true love, Barnabus Buckle! See?"

"I see," said Chuckle uncomfortably.

"But I was thinking that my voice was scarcely the organ for impassioned eloquence. It's rather high, you know, and given to breaking at touching passages; while yours, as I've heard often on the stage—come, now! you'll do me this good turn?"

"Declaim *your* proposal of marriage to Priscilla Pett! Never!"

"But it won't be any trouble at all. I've written it all down; and you've only to read it off at the diaphragm, with the pathos you can fling into things so well. Here's the paper," added the unsuspicious Buckle; "and *do* come it tender, please, Chuckle!"

Chuckle was again about to indignantly refuse to propose for another man to the girl he himself adored, when a tap was heard at the chamber door.

"Please, sir, it's me," said Buckle's landlady, dropping a perturbed head into the room. "Could I speak to you in private for a moment, sir?"

"Oh, bother!" muttered Buckle; but he went.

And Chuckle was left alone with his thoughts and the American professor's marvelous invention.

* * * * * * *

When Buckle returned, he at once glanced round for the phonograph.

"Why, you've wrapped it up again!" he said.

"Certainly, but it contains the declaration of love. You were so long that I got tired, and did the job in your absence."

"But I wanted to superintend," said Buckle. "I *am* disappointed!"

"Never mind, old fellow; it's all correct."

"I should like to hear, nevertheless. I'll unpack it, and wind the thing out from the commencement."

"Nonsense!" cried Chuckle, staying his hand. "After all the trouble I've had in doing it up neatly? Look how tight the knots are, and don't be a fool!"

"But——"

"I'll tell you what. I'll read the proposal for you, in exactly the tone I used in your absence."

"Well, that will satisfy me," answered Buckle. "I only want to know how it will sound to Priscilla."

Picking up the manuscript, Chuckle "elocuted" in his most finished manner. Buckle was in ecstacies.

Several times during the days which intervened before the loved one's birthday, Buckle felt an inclination to eradicate the phonograph from its numerous wrappings; but he gazed on Chuckle's elaborate knots, and was daunted.

On the fateful day he forwarded the toy, with a palpitating heart following the small messenger who bore the precious burden.

Miss Pett was a young person of some strength of character; so, ere she went into the orthodox hysterics, she made her choice, and ejaculated with decision:

"Mr. Chuckle! please remove *that* Mr. Buckle!"

And Chuckle did it, too, for Chuckle was bigger than his rival, and wore far, far thicker boots.

* * * * *

Very little has been seen of poor Buckle since that eventful night; and Chuckle says that he goes about with a life-preserver, a navy revolver, and a wild eye, seeking up and down for Professor Edison. Chuckle says further that he is quite prepared to hear that something very awful has happened to the eminent inventor; but, then, who can believe Chuckle?

IN THREE PIECES.

"Look here, don't you know," Mr. Editor, I should be very happy to fill all your paper for you, only I've something else to do, and it isn't altogether in my line. I'm more used to filling houses. "I am a working man," though I'm always playing. "I go to my work at six in the morning"—I mean to say the evening—"and I knock off at one, and I have a hour to get my dinner," and "still I am not happy."

Talking of filling houses, I was down at Birmingham in the Summer, at the Prince of Wales' —Jas. Rodgers', you know—and on my benefit night there was a crowd, if you like! Six rows of the pit turned into stalls, the orchestra behind the scenes, and a score or so of the audience sitting in chairs at the wings, so that we were rather busy on the stage, and things were mixed.

Now, there was a very aristocratic old lady, who, with her two daughters, had been accommodated with chairs at the second entrance, prompt side, and the daughters seemed to think the bustle and confusion great fun; but the old lady didn't at all, and she was awfully disgusted at the carpenters rubbing sleeves with her; and when presently a Rising Young Comedian (who shall be nameless, but who happened to be playing "Chawles," and was dressed like a butler—you may have seen the piece) asked her to allow him to pass, she told him indignantly that he ought to go round the other way.

What did that young man do then? Well, I don't quite know, but he got on the stage somehow, and a thousand or two people who happened to know his face having clapped their hands at the sight of it, the next time that Rising Young Comedian (bother his name) passed near the aristocratic old lady the latter apologized to the Rising Young One, and everything would have ended well, only nothing would suit this Emulative Youth but to go and make up as a kind of bricklayer's laborer, by the name of Tom Cranky, if my memory serves me, in a farce called "Podger's Birthplace," and she said when he came by again:

"Upon my word, if I had known I should have to be crowded up by persons of this class, I would much rather have stopped away.

But her daughters having assured her (with tears in their eyes) that it was only the self-same Riser airing a little bit more of his varied wardrobe, joy might once more have reigned triumphantly; only—goodness knows what possessed him, unless he were taken suddenly with a fit of "loose and carelessness," or indeed he had compromised himself by having had it previously announced in the bills)—nothing would suit that Youthful Comedian in the Ascendant but to get on a suit of rags and patches, and try and pass himself off as an Artful Dodger.

He is that versatile, though, this Young Beginner, that he might really and truly have passed himself off as a Dodger afterall with comparative ease (having done so once or twice before), but, trying to pass himself by that old lady, who by this time had been nearly harassed beyond endurance by congregationally-inclined carpenters, and meaninglessly meandering musicians, was quite another thing; and that lady rose up, and said she: "This is too much!"—and when she said so it was quite clear she meant it. "I could have "seen it at a glance"—but no matter!

Once again, however, a light broke in upon this same old lady, and once more came a gleam of sunshine through the clouds. A day came subsequently, and with it "a hour," when a party of four sat down to dinner. That party was composed of an amiable old lady, two young and beautiful girls, and a young and yet beautifully Rising Comedian, who still shall remain as nameless as heretofore.

"Oh! why, Mr. T**!*!" exclained that amiable old lady, "did you not say it was you at first?"

"Cos you didn't ask me," replied the Rising Child, quoting from a tragedy called "Ici on parle Francais."

Mr. Editor, I could easily, now I've once begun and got into the way of it, as it were, describe at length the flattering things that old lady then said to that youthful Macready; but "not before the boy," my dear sir—no really, the Office Boy I mean, of course. I have one or two rather funny things on hand, even yet, and one thing in particular that might do you per a heap of good; but I'm not jealous; it's Welsh poetry that is so "give it to the Bard." "Don't let's have a row" about it. Let the Bard have the full benefit. I have had lots of very full benefits, so let him have his chance. Look here don't you know, "Ead-er o' She." That's the cue. "Give it to the Bard." J. L. TOOLE.

AUSTRALASIA
From a Showman's Point of View.

FETHERSTONE, New Zealand, Oct. 16, 1878.

DEAR CLIPPER.—While preparing for our departure from Auckland, a description of which was furnished in our last, we encountered one of the chief difficulties professional people have to contend with in this country—the costly, uncertain and inconvenient means of transportation from place to place. Dates must be fixed with a view to catching steamers coaches and trains. This often necessitated our remaining for days in some places and leaving others too soon. It calls for boarding steamers after the show, for traveling night and day, for eating at irregular times and breakneck speed—in short, for every imaginable inconvenience. To be sure, the professional traveling in the States is liable to all this, but by no means to so great a degree as over here. The only thing to which it can be compared is traveling in the South African colonies, or in the mountain towns of the Pacific slope. Even these offer less difficulties. There are two ways of going through New Zealand, the choice of which depends upon the expense the show is under. If it costs $300 a week, you must jump from Auckland to Wellington (steamer), thence to Christchurch (steamer), thence to Dunnedin (rail), stopping at Omaru and Timaru for three nights each, and thence to Invercargill (rail). From Invercargill you go to the Bluff and ship to Melbourne or Tasmania. With a small party, costing from $100 to $250, you can take the route we have taken and stand the chances of business on your uppers. Our party being a cheap, co-operative concern, we decided to move slowly, and give every town on the route the benefit of our "Grand Aggregation of Ability, Respectability with Talent, from America," as our bills set forth in due form. We have done very well, giving a "hurrah show" in true fly-by-night style; but goodness help the next aggregation that comes along. Our route was as follows: Grahamstown (rail), one night; Gisborne, Napier, two nights each; Wipawa, Wipucarau (coach), one night each Wanganui (coach), two nights; Morton, Bulls, Lindon (coach), one night each; Foxtown (rail), one night; Palmerston, Masterton, Carterton, Graytown, Fetherston (rail), two nights each. This route, inclusive of lost time, occupied thirty-six days, for which we paid the handsome fee to last, our object being to get through as soon as possible. There being no females in the party and none of that class known as "kickers," we gained our object, everyone taking things as they came, and submitting to all inconveniences as philosophically as a sideshowman laid out at a bad hotel. The hotels averaged $1.50 per day. Some of them were terrible, others fair; two—the Exchange at Napier, and Red Cow Inn at Wipucarau—were good, and all in table and room comforts equal to hotels of the same price in towns of similar size in the United States or Canada. The great many (native) we encountered on the route, and found to be excellent patrons of amusements. They love anything which appeals to the mind through the eye, detesting everything that is stimulated by the ear (music). Fortunately, there was nothing about our exhibition which called for the exercise of intellect; and so we had them in greater numbers the second night. The Europeans do not appear to be much more intellectual than themselves, and so we caught them also. Our average takings during the trip were nearly $45. In one or two towns we exhibited to from $8 to $10, but were compensated for this in others. The season which crosses the line in the island from sea to sea, was very fine in places, but barren of interest in others. The country is only partially settled, agriculture is in a backward state, sheep farming and cattle raising are the principal pursuits, there is no manufacturing industries, the houses are nearly all one-storied wooden buildings, there are few schools, few public libraries, fewer newspapers, no theatres, and a great deal of gambling and drunkenness. In every town there are several billiard-tables, which are always in use afternoon and evening by those who play pin-pool, block-pool, and a game called pennell's pool and pigeon, which is a perfect gambler's delight. This is the principal pastime of the small portion of society. Dice-boxes are kept in every bar, and "a shilling in and the winner 'shout'" is the almost general rule. Now and then you go into a bar to slake their thirst or gratify appetites for drink. The word "shout," used in the last sentence, is equivalent to "treat." In Australasia, instead of inviting your friend, you "shout for him. Hazard is played a great deal—in fact, as much as faro in the towns from Reno West and South to Los Angeles. One of our party is an excellent handler of the cue, and has shown how to play pool, as Dupleasa Podjee ever did. The result is a considerable increase of his income. JIM FLAKE GLAITSON.

WELLINGTON, Nov. 23, 1878.

This is the capital of New Zealand. It is said to be the best harbor down in the colony, an opinion which I heartily endorse. There is a great deal of ready money in circulation, owing to the employment of several hundred government clerks and the meeting of parliament. The city, with its 25,000 people, is stretched from side by high hills, while the waters of a beautiful bay face it upon the other. It is a curiously constructed place, and, seen from the hilltops which overlook it, presents a view only to be had there. There is one long straggling street wandering about the foot of the hills and following the water frontage. Increasing population has forced the people to build upon one side, and to cut and terrace the hills upon the other. As would be imagined, the streets are narrow and very irregular in their course and junction with each other. The whole was in appearance like crowded together as if every inch of ground was desired for building purposes. The buildings are crowded together, as in the lower quarters of Chinese and Indian cities. They are nearly all of wood, but little used. Corrugated iron is employed to a great extent, many buildings having wooden fronts, while the sides, back and roof are of that material. To the stranger this presents a novelty. The Government buildings are of wood, and very fine. In fact, it is claimed that the largest wooden building in the world is that of the Government offices in Wellington, though I believe the claimants would acknowledge their error as soon as they saw the wooden structures at Long Branch or Saratoga, or even the El Capitan Hotel at Modesto, California. There are no public parks here, save one upon the hill-tops; no shade-trees; no broad public thoroughfares—not even as much to ornament the place and attract attention as there is in Virginia City, where the citizens have had to cope with greater difficulties than those presented here. There are four daily papers, a fine public library, an excellent museum, good hotels—the Occidental and Empire being the best—three theatres and two halls. Street-cars, drawn by small locomotives, run through the main street, meeting with much opposition from those who will not see the benefit of it. The people of Auckland and Dunedin of Australia are adverse to street-cars, and Wellington is the only city where they are in operation, though, I believe, Dunedin, N. Z., and Adelaide, South Australia, will soon have them. It is a curious fact that companies have tried to establish lines in both Melbourne and Sydney, but failed to do so. "Windy Wellington" is the full title of this city, and as such it is familiarly known. It has gained the name just as Rochester acquired the title of "Flour City." Cincinnati that of "Porkopolis," and New Orleans that of "Crescent City"—by local peculiarities. The wind blows here incessantly, not a day being entirely free from it. The citizens know and prepare for it, but woe betide the unfortunate stranger. His hat goes one way and he another. Coats are sometimes blown off, and clothing, especially of the ladies, is scattered in all directions. Then you are called upon to dodge bricks, boards, sheets of corrugated iron, and even roofs as they come sailing along..... But our business is with the theatres. The Royal is the largest and best. It is divided into circle, orchestra chairs (stall), and pit. The Kelly & Leon Minstrels, which have just closed a most successful season here, had the largest amount of money ever in the house—£40, $200. The Opera-house, divided into orchestra-chairs (stalls), pit upon the lower floor, circle in the second tier, and family-circle above, will hold about $800. The Princess Theatre is a small, out-of-the way place, attached to a hotel, and being divided into a lower floor, with two divisions, and a small gallery. It will hold at most $300 when crowded. All of these places are lit by gas, have good stages, excellent dressing-room accommodations, and are well patronized when open singly. The fact is, the town will not support more than one theatre, and with two or three are open, the receipts, while the others fall except on holidays, when there is not room in all of them. JIM FLAKE GLAITSON.

JUST OUT.

"Volcanoes"—In three vols.—Hecla, Ætna, and Vesuvius.

"Memoirs of a Fool, by himself." In foolscap 8vo.

"On the Drawing of Stumps." By a Cricket-dentist.

"Pedometers versus Stocking Clocks." By a Professional "Ped." Published by Walker.

"Coal as Contraband of War." A Treatise founded on Coke and Little-ton.

"How to Bind an Apprentice." In paper boards.

"The Sword, and How to Use It." With numerous cuts.

"The Golden Calf," one vol., calf gilt.

JOHN J. DWYER, CHAMPION BOXER.

The prominent member of the pugilistic fraternity whose portrait appears above was born at St. Johns, N. F., Aug. 15, 1847, and when very young was brought by his parents to the States, the family locating in Brooklyn, where they have continued to reside up to the present time. He is 5ft. 9¼in. in height, and weighs in condition about 163lb. His chest measures 40½in., biceps 15in., forearm 12½in., thigh 22½in., and calf 16½in. Fond of the exercise of boxing, and ambitious to shine as an exponent of the art, Johnny, when yet a youth, became quite proficient as a glove practitioner, and his name frequently appeared on the bills of sparring entertainments held in this vicinity a dozen years ago. His name first appeared in print as a principal in an encounter without the gloves in January, 1868, he having engaged in an off-handed scrap with the late Dan Kelly, alias "Butt," Reilly on the 4th of said months. This hostile meeting originated in a dispute and quarrel which occurred while they were drinking together in a public-house in Brooklyn, Butt having started the music by declaring that Johnny had been "bested" in a set-to at an exhibition in this city some time previously, which soft impeachment Dwyer emphatically denied. They threw off their coats, with the object of settling their differences by a resort to physical force, but weren't allowed to "have it out" there. Two or three places were visited by the antagonists and their friends before they found the spot they were in quest of; but, once there, they were quickly at work. They first set to it in rough-and-tumble fashion, but mutual friends induced them to change and fight according to the rules of the ring, barring ropes and stakes. They fought in a room for over two hours, something like one hundred and twenty-five rounds being contested, when friends interfered and an end was put to the milling. Reilly was the worse-punished of the two men, Dwyer having used his good right hand with telling effect on the left side of the devoted head of his plucky adversary. It was thought that a regular match would be made by them afterwards, but it was not, although they had a lively turn-up in a Houston-street sporting-house. Dwyer has never entered the ring proper as a principal, but for some years he has been very prominent in pugilistic circles, and has sparred in public with all the big men of the day, some of these meetings being so very exciting that the police thought it prudent to interfere and put an end to hostilities. In these affairs Johnny generally rather more than held his own. In the early part of 1876 he and Steve Taylor engaged in a public contest with gloves in the Lyceum Theatre, this city, five rounds, all in favor of Dwyer, being fought, when the authorities stopped it. The decision was in favor of Johnny, and the way in which he performed upon this occasion added greatly to his reputation as a scientific, determined and game boxer. Not long afterwards he was declared winner in another contest with Taylor at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, 15 rounds being contested in 23 minutes, and on April 24, same year, he had a complimentary benefit at the Brooklyn Rink, at which he was presented by some friends with an elegant and costly watch and chain. On July 9 of the following year a meeting was held at this office by Dwyer and Pat Kelly, for the purpose of arranging a match to box either with or without the gloves; but, as Kelly was not prepared to put up any money, the meeting ended without anything being done further than strengthening by bitter recriminations the feelings of animosity long existing between them. Dwyer was much chagrined at the failure of these negotiations, and he left a challenge to fight any man in America, Kelly preferred, for the championship and such amount of stake-money as an acceptor chose to put up, leaving therewith a deposit of $500 to prove that he meant all he said. This money lay in our hands for a long time uncovered; and, no one having accepted the challenge, Dwyer became possessed of the title of champion by default, and he has always been ready to uphold his claim against all aspirants to the position. Dwyer gave an exhibition at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, Aug. 6 following, at which he clearly demonstrated his superiority as a boxer over Kelly. On April 25, 1878, he was matched against Paddy Ryan of Troy, to fight for one thousand dollars a side and the championship; but after all the money had been posted the match fell through, owing to a failure to agree upon a final stakeholder. Dwyer left his money on deposit for some time afterwards, in the hope that a new match might be made with either Ryan or someone else, but that result was not reached. Withdrawing his money when there seemed no longer any prospect of anyone's covering it, Dwyer made arrangements to resume business as a publican in the City of Churches, which he did early in the Fall, intending to pay attention to business during the present Winter. On this account he declined a challenge from Jem Mace, of San Francisco, Cal., to fight with gloves for a stake; but when, in November, Jimmy Elliott came out with a challenge to fight him with the bare knuckles for the championship, he could not, without damaging his reputation for courage, and forfeiting all right to the title of champion, do otherwise than accept. Accordingly, a match was made between Smith, the city of Troy, and Dwyer, for one thousand dollars a side and the championship, in Canada, May 8 next, which match is now going on all right, half the stakes being in the hands of the final stakeholder. Dwyer has repeatedly figured as second, umpire or referee in contests waged within the magic circle; he was Ned Baldwin's right-hand man in West Virginia when the latter retired that set to with Jim Mace, but didn't fight; and seconded Joe Goss against Tom Allen, subsequently verbally challenging the latter to fight. Dwyer, besides being a very muscular man, in boxing uses both hands finely, the right particularly well, and stands up to his work in a manly way that is suggestive of a willingness to take all the "gruel" that an opponent can give, and a determination to return all compliments of a distic sort with all the interest possible.

ATHLETIC.

A GREAT RACE IN SCOTLAND.

Those fleet-footed runners, Cummings and Livingstone contended in a mile-and-a-half race, for £25 a side, at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, Scotland, Dec. 28. Previous form showed there was little to choose between the pair, fit and well, at this distance, for more than once they have raced home neck and-neck for victory, on one occasion finishing a dead heat, and on another Cummings losing by a foot only. In point of age, Cummings is the younger of the two, and will not be twenty-one years of age until June 10 next. Curiously enough, both are as nearly as possible the same height (5ft. 7in.), and there is very little difference in their weights, for Livingstone brought down the scale at 121lb, and Cummings at 117lb. It cannot be said that either came to the post in the pink of condition. Livingstone had little more than a fortnight to train in, and Cummings was "coughing." Just before the men came on the track there had been a light fall of snow, which turned to a slight drizzle, and the cold seemed anxious to get to business without delay. They were fidgety on the mark, and several times broke away, but the pistol-firer (A. Mackenzie) insisted upon their being steady, and finally despatched the pair on most even terms; Livingstone, however, spurting for the lead, was soon two yards ahead, Cummings seeming content to allow him to make the running. Throughout the first lap (four to the mile) they were never more than three yards apart, and the quarter was run in 1m. 1s. The second lap they ran in the same order, though Cummings kept a bit wide to avoid being struck in the face with the small pieces of ice that were scattered over the track by Livingstone's shoes; still the pace now was not very fast, time for the half-mile being 2m. 8s., and directly they shot by 3 to 1 was offered on Cummings, for he was running well within himself, whilst Livingstone was evidently going at his best pace. So they ran, with little variation, the third lap, the three-quarters of a mile being polished off in 3m. 2?-5s., and the mile, in 4m. 8s. Now came the struggle for victory. Entering the last half-mile, Cummings drew up to Livingstone's shoulder for a feeler, then dropped back again until entering the straight, about six hundred yards from home, where he was called upon to make his effort. For a few yards they ran shoulder to shoulder, then Cummings came clean away, finishing the mile and a quarter in 5m. 50⅘s., with a lead of about a dozen yards. The race now was all over, for, although on the far side of the grounds, Livingstone spurted pluckily, he was unable to reduce the gap, and seeing he had no chance, about 150 yards from home he pulled up, leaving Cummings to finish alone, and the Paisley lad walked in, threading his way through the crowd (which now swarmed on to the track) the winner in 6m. 56 1-5s., with quite 100 yards in hand. The performance clearly shows what a clinker Cummings is. Had the track been in anything like good trim, there is no doubt both men could have beaten record time (6m. 50s.). As it was, the path could hardly have been in worse condition, being coated with ice, and in places where salt had been thrown upon it. Cummings was lustily cheered as he left the ground.

THE NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP

The initial competition of the series of a baker's dozen, for the silver belt typical of the amateur ten-mile walking championship of the New England States, took place at the Orthodox Jewish Building, Boston, Mass., on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14. There were fourteen starters out of nineteen entries, and the favorite was young Holt; but the winning boot was on another leg, the lead being quickly taken by E. E. Morrill of the Union Athletic Club of Boston, who held it throughout, despite the efforts of the favorite to snatch it from him. Holt was second at the end of every mile, except the first, up to the last, upon completing one lap of which (thirteen to the mile) he withdrew, feeling unwell. Oscar Walker (formerly Wokeck), who had been second at the close of the first mile, fourth at the end of the second, and third in the others, now regained second place and held it to the finish. J. T. Coogan, B. Y. M. C. A. G., was third; B. D. Burns, Providence, R. I., fourth; Wm. Pegram, Brighton, Mass., fifth; J. O'Hara, B. Y. M. C. A. G., sixth; J. H. Maxwell, B. Y. M. C. A. G., seventh; P. Shaughnessy, Wakefield, Mass., eighth; F. De Lewis, East Cambridge, ninth; H. G. Young, B. Y. M. C. A. G., tenth; G. L. Lyon, Lynn, eleventh; H. E. Nutting, B. Y. M. C. A. G., twelfth. C. F. Gallagher, Abington, Mass., did not finish the eighth mile. The time of the winner at the close of every mile was as follows: One mile, 8m. 10s.; two, 17m. 12s.; three, 26m. 22s.; four, 35m. 24s.; five, 44m. 20s.; six, 52m. 45s.; seven, 1h. 2m. 2s.; eight, 1h. 11m. 14s.; nine, 1h. 20m. 13s.; ten, 1h. 30m. 35⅘s. Immediately after the contest was concluded Holt challenged Morrill to walk for the belt upon the conditions on which it is held, which provide that the next eleven competitions shall be between the holder of the trophy and a challenging party, the thirteenth contest to be between all who may have won in previous competitions. Judges—R. J. Roberts, G. H. Adams, Wm. Brown and John D. Wayne. Referee, Chas. P. Huckins. Timekeepers, C. A. George, A. L. Estabrook and W. C. N. Bond. Scorers, Wm. F. Brennan and W. F. Goodell.

THE MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB held their annual steeplechase from McGill College gate over the mountain to Prendergast's, distance about two miles and three-quarters, Jan. 8, starting at 7.55 P. M. G. E. Starke won in 23m. 16s., the track being far from fast. Second in 24m. 49s., F. H. Hanna; third by a quarter second, F. McIndoe; fourth, T. Hodgson; fifth, T. Rutherford; sixth. The winner received the Grant silver cup, and the others named all got prizes of value.

AN EIGHT-HOUR WALKING MATCH, which came off at Washington Hall, Sag Harbor, L. I., Jan. 11, on a track forty-four laps to the mile, was won by C. Field of New London, Ct., who traveled 35 miles 1 laps in 7h. 32m., A. Young of Sag Harbor doing 34 miles 20 laps in the same time.

MADAME ANDERSON.

Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, was crowded on the night of Jan. 13 by persons anxious to witness the termination of this plucky and long-enduring lady's attempt to walk a quarter mile each and every fifteen minutes for a period of four weeks. The undertaking was commenced by her at 8 P. M.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 20.

LADIES' LIST.

Atherton, Nellie
Aymar, Mrs. Jennie
Armstrong, Mrs Georgia A.
Antonio, Tillie
Beaumont, Nellie
Beaumont, Stella
Burdeau, Mrs Jane
Banker, Carrie
Bretto, Emma
Belden, Clara
Bean — Gilday, Fannie (3)
Behrnasir, Pauline
Brooks, Kate
Burnham, Tillie
Coleman, Clara
Campian, Stacie
Carl, Estelle (of Carl Sisters)
Clifton, Ada
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Cornish, Elsa
Coleman Sisters
De Louise, Mrs. Louise
DeEste, Helen
Dixon, Blanche
Dickinson, AnnaE. 8c
Davenport, Fannie
Daly, Lizzie
Douglass, Fannie
Delehanty, Mrs. W. H.
Elliott, Lottie(p.o. m. Bath, Eng.)
Elberts, Kittie
Fisher, Clara
Fenderson, Juliet
Foster, Phoebe (of Un.Tom'sCab.Co.)
Farren, Ida
Foy, Bertha
Graham, Tillie
Gray, Mrs Minnie
Griffith, Mrs. W. N
Howard, Maude(p. o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Herring, Fannie
Hughes, Jennie
Hummel, Amelia
Holloway, Palmyra
Howard, Minnie
Hallett, Mrs. Alta (3)
Irwin, Florence
Isaacs, Ada
Julia, Lapetite
Knight, Fannie
Kidder, Mrs. (nee AugustaRaymond)
Kemp, Alice
Leon, Lillie
Landen, Lillie
Lee, Minnie
Leland, Jennie
Leonard, Adele
Lascelley Sara (of Higgins' Co.)
Marsnall, Florence
Martell, Helene A.
Maretta, Rosa
Mell, Rose
Montague, Annie
Morton, Mrs J. W.
Marko, Dalsie
Murray, Nellie (of Murray Sisters)
Morgan, JennieMc.
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Nichols, Mrs. Jno. (careEmilAlberty)
Newcombe, Mrs. Robt.
Nault, Juliette
Peak, Lo-iu
Pendy, Mrs. John
Parker, Nellie (of Mozart Theatre)
Prout, Fannie
Pascoe, Marie (2)
Robson, Erba
Raymond, Mrs. J. T.
Ravel, Mrs. Sophia
St. Felix, Henrietta
St. Clair, Jennie (of Kraft's Co.)
Stover, Florence
Smith, Allie
Shephard, Maude (2)
Somers, Alice
Siegrist, Blanche 5c
St. Felix, Madam
Smith, Allie (English post-off m.)
St. Felix, Leanora 3c.
Siddons, Ida
Saxon, Adah V.
Thornton, Mollie
Vogler, Mrs. Otto
Valdis, Mrs.
Williams, Mollie
Walters, Mrs. Martha (3)
Woods, Carrie
Wilson, Bertie
White, Sylvia Co.
Agnes
Wildman, Clara
Zolutia, Aggie
Zoe, Marie

GENTLEMENS' LIST

Allyne, E. T. J.
Alexander, Wm. B.
Amlar, H. (of Rowe's Circus)
Avery, Frank
Adams, Flem.
Austin, Al
Ashton, J. B.
Abbott, J. W.
Arizona, Chas.
Austin, Al
Aiking, W. A.
Blackford, J. (of Blackford & Sye)
Burton, Clarence
Byron, O. D.
Baughman, S. Hyde
Bradshaw, C. H.
Benton, Chas
Bradini, Geo. 6c.
Brown, J. (of L. Barrett's Co.)
Bryan, Mr
Barsum, Ed. (of Basye's Circus)
Buckston, J. W.
Blanchard, Harry
Brazzier, Geo. Richard (2)
Bray, W. H. (3)
Bartlett, J. C.
Bryant & Williams
Brazzier, W. L. F.
Brindis de Salas, Mr.
Byrne, John (of Boyiston, Mus.)
Brennen, H. R.
Brindis de Salas, Jos.
Bush, H.
Brown, Col. T. A. (3)
Bland, J. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Brooks, Charles
Bertram, G.
Barnum, H. (ofOt. London Circus)
Bacon, Fred (of Modjeska's Co.)
Bosworth, Frank
Bent, B. C.
Carroll, John & Verona
Chiriski, Martini
Carroll, J. A.
Cooper, Chas. (3)
Clark, G. B.
Curtis, Frank
Chanirau, F. S.
Cummings, Billy
Carney, Henry
Coney, G. W.
"Continental 3" Co.
Cooper & Bailey
Colleva, Chas.
Carter, Harry (of Sprague's Minst.)
Clark's Fifth Ave. Dram. Co.
Costello, Geo.
Crosbey, Will
Conway, Neil
Crane, B. S.
Collins & Bros (song-and-dance)
Crispini, H.
Charvat, Frank
Chase, Jos. (of Cooper & Howe)
Clarke, W.
Chesel, Chas.
Colville's Burlesque Co.
Christie, Chas.
Cooper, T. (of Cooper Bros.)
Carroll, R. M.
Clifford, E. (of Crisp Sister's Co.)
Clarke, Jas. W.
Capper, C. (of Capper & How)
Caldwell, J. (of Caldwell & Bride)
Dwyer, Johnny
Draper, S.
Donaldson, Prof.
DeMarr, Joe (musician)
Diamond, C.
Donnelly, J. F.
Devlin, Dick
Doria, Wm. B
Dunbar, G. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Delhour, Wm.
Dowling, J. J.
Denny, Lew
Davis, Edmer
Degler, Tony 9c.
Dixon, T. B.
Emerson, Wm.
Evans, James S 3c.
Eunice, Wm.
Ellsworth, Amos
Ellis, H.
Eubank, Dr. Jas.
Foster, John (circus performer)
Foreman, C. E.
Franckum, Geo.
Foreman & Gallaghar
Finey, W. K.
Frank, Chas. (musician)
Fagan & Fletcher
Fletcher, W. G.
Farren, G. W.
Foster, Chas. (of Oshkosh, Detroit)
Flynn, J. (of Keating & Flynn)
Flandrow, John
Fuller, W. M.
Fitzgerald, Rich'd
Finney, R. H.
Fraser, Robt.
Gorman, Dick
Goalwin, Rich'd(p. o.m.Manchester, Eng.)
Geyer, Frank
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Graham, Thos. Z.
Gardner, John
Garland, Geo. S
Gibbons, F. A.
Grimley, C. H.
Griffin, J. D.
Gibbons & Russell
Granger, Bud
Grant, Wallace
Gale, Walter
Goldsmith, Eddie
Gibbons, Phil
Gaylor, Chas.
Gorton, Sig.
Gerard, Ed.
Henny, Jas. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Hall, J. (of Hall & De Bar)
Hogdon, S. K.
Holly, Jas.
Heiler, Ben
Hanley, M. W.
Howard, Chas. (of Fort Zoe Co.)
Hicks, Chas. H. (2)
Howard, C. (of Griswold Op. H., Troy)
Holmes, Chas. W.
Hilliard & Huntington
Hogan, Jas. (of McDowell's Co.)
Holloway, J. (p. o. m London, Eng.) 20c.
Hall, James
Healy, Thos.
Huber, F. J.
Henry, H
Hillman, Geo. H.
Huntley, W.
Holmes, J. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Hall, E. M.
Hyer, S. B.
Holland, M. F.
Hamilton's N. Y. Circus
Haverly, J. H. (3)
Howard, Wm. C. (2)
Howe, Geo.
Hildreth, F. D.
Howard, Collin (2)
Holland, F.
Hamilton, Wiley
Harvey, J. H. (of Danites Co.)
Hamilton, W H (p. o m. Burnley, Eng.)
Hamilton, Mr. (of N. Y. Circus)
Hodges, Thos.
Higham, Dick
Irving, P. H.
Irving, Harry
Ingraham, Prentiss
Kidder, E. E. (2)
Kenes, Alfred
Kenebel, Francois
Kent, C. P.
Kelly, J. (of Walters & Kelley)
Kiraify Bros.
Keefe, W. H. 3c.
Lorella, J. C.
Little, Chas.
Lyle, W. E.
Lewis, Frank (vocalist)
LaFont, Simeon
Langridge, Walter 3c.
Liley, Chas.
Livingstone, B. F.
Litzenberger, John (cornetist)
Lipsegraig, A. (of Ford's Op. Ho.)
Linson, Harry
Laine, J. H. (agent)
Lewis, John E.
Long, H. K.
Lorella, W. H.
Lennon, John
Leon & Son
Leslie, Prof. (vocalist)
Lorella, Tom
Leopold, G W.
Liston, A.
Manchester, Robt.
Mack, Pete
Morton & Learritt
Madigan, E. H.
McCarty Jos. (care Matt. Grace)
McFlinn, Sam
McAllister, Billy
Martin, Sam(2)
Madden, Billy
Menter, Ed.
McAvoy, Harry
Manning, J. L. (2)
Mayo & Pash
McNish & Ray
McCullough & Casey
Murphy, J. E (of Murphy & Mack)(2)
Morse, J. T.
McBride, Wm.
Mack, Joe H.
Manley, Frank(musician)
Melmer, Harry
McNate, Robt. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
McIntyre, Irish (candy "bits")
Melville, Chas. (agent) (2)
Mackie, J. (of Mackie Bros.)
Murphy, Joe (Ker & Dow)
Montgomery, J. (of For Sisters Co.)
McCormick, Matt
Moore, Geo. W. (agent)
Murray, Jas.
Marble, Ed.
Murray, Thos. (of Murray & Hemr.)
Martino, Prof.
Manning, John La Favre (2)
Mundall, Daniel M
Mack, Gus
Melville, J. H.
Murray, Tom (p. o. m London, Eng.)
Manchester, Robt.
Nathland, John
Nash, Frank
O'Neill, John K.
O'Hara, J. W.
O'Connor, Jas. Owen (4)
Omohondro, J. B. (2)
Orrin, Geo. F.
Ogden, J. E. (2)
Pain, W. H.
Pier, Mr. (policeman)
Plummer, Edward
Parks, J. J. (circus manager)
Prindle, John
Powers, W. H
Potter, C. Allen (agent)
Plattner, Hiram
Pettit, Mr. (manager)
Plummer, T. H. (of Comiq., Brooklyn)
Fear, C. C.
Parker, Lewis
Que-n & Belle Queen, Chas. (of Queen & Belle (2)
Russell, Geo. A.
Revolti, Master (fire-king)
Robbins, Frank
Rowland, Geo. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Randolph, J. (of London Circus)
Roberts, R. D. (2)
Russell, J. (of Gibbon & Russell)(3)
Ronaldo, Harry
Robinson, Jas. (of London Cir. band)
Rostetter, W. J.
Rogers, Frank (of Criterion Co.)
Raymond, Ross E
Roselle, —(female-impersonator)
Rubini, P. (2) 8c.
Rapier, Jack
Rolando, Geo A.
Reynolds, Will (of Williamson's Co.)
Rockwell, C.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Stetson, H. T. (2)
Satsuma, K.
Sheridan, W. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Sertrew, Saul
Swain, S. C.
Smith, Wm. (of "Big 4")
Sadler, T. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Sullivan, P. E. (actor)
Stiles, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Sprague, D. J.
Swonbourne, C. H. (2)
Simpson, J. T.
Saroney, Waters & Kelly
Smith, E. F.
Sylvester, Arthur D.
Sanford, J. L. (2)
Seeper, Hal
Skillings, Geo.
Sherman, Jas. W.
Steven, J. A. (2)
Stuart, W. H.
Spencer, C. M.
Spaulding, W. P.
Sherick, Mark
Townsend, D. E.
Titus, Tracy
Turner, Dick
Templeton, John
Treville, Walter
Thorne & Chrisdle "L."
Turner & Geyer
Tribell, Harry (comedy "bits")
Tudor, John
Turner, G. (of Turner & Wray)
Thorne, J. (of Buffalo Bill Co.)
Vanderbilt, Frank
Villa, S. B.
Walsh, John (musician)
Webb, J. H
Wagner, Cal
Wood, Mr. H. B.
Wing, Chas. A.
Wooster Bros
White, Chas (of Howe's Circus)
West, W. C.
White & Esmond
Walton, W. J.
Wiley, Jesse
Whittaker, J. A.
Wells, Harry
Weaver, Jr., Add
Weeks, Harry P.
Webber, H. Price
Wingfield, John(2)
Wilson, Irish "bits"
Wells, Furmen C.
Walton, Punch
West, Geo. (Dutch "bits")
Wiggins, E. W.
Wilson, Chas.
Wiles, R. S
Youngs, A. (of (Gene. Ward's Co.)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Postoffice for J. N. Renfrew and Tom Jasper.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 20, '79.

It [illegible] some time for the Winter to get fairly started; so late, indeed, was it in coming that our weatherwise and otherwise prophets began to predict that the season would be an open one, and that business would profit by the anticipated mild character of the weather, etc.; but when, a couple of days before Christmas, the wind hauled round to the nor'-nor'-west, a point more nor' than west, we were forced to change our ideas concerning the unfitness of things, and realize the fact that, though long a coming, Winter long had come to stay, and such has proved to be the case; for, ever since its advent at the latter end of December, severe storms and biting frosts have attended its progress, until we have become so ice-and storm-hardened as to be fit to direct the movements of an expedition in search of the missing Pole. Last Wednesday evening we took our usual evening stroll of less than a thousand miles in less than a thousand hours, and sauntered into the Park Theatre to see Manager Colville's lambs, and to ascertain how the shorn ones stood the keen and frigid airs that mixed and mingled with the warm and richly-colored tints that marked the warblings of the lovely troupe. On emerging from such a brilliant scene, great was our astonishment to see the cold, cold ground covered with a fresh mantle of snow. As we stood amid the falling flakes, enjoying their erratic movements, and drinking in the mildly soft atmospherichess that is inseparable from snow, our thoughts went out to the heathens who, living in torrid climes, never see snow, know nothing about it, and stand around the corners without a particle of clothing upon them to protect them from the biting blasts—of biting—to keep the burning rays of the orb of day from scorching and despoiling their perishing bodies. It was in this frame of mind that we wended our way homeward, fully determined to write a descriptive poem on snow ere the silent slumbers of the coming night closed our weary eyes in sleep. After enjoying that sweet repose and rest which only the virtuous can enjoy, we, early-bird-like, rose from our downy couch, partook of our frugal repast, and sought our sanctum. You may judge of our surprise when, upon opening the mountain of letters that stood before us, we discovered among the mass of correspondence three poems on snow, all alike in language, plot and sentiment, etc. But our wonder was greatest when, upon comparing them with our own, we noticed that they were identical in sentiment, rhythm and general get-up with the verses we got up the previous evening. Astonishing as it may appear, each of these compositions was headed "The Beautiful Snow," and commenced in this way:

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the earth and the air below, etc.

The strangest part of it is that those three unknown authors should hit upon the same ideas that had filled our soul on the evening previous, and moulded into life one of the most exquisite bits of original verse that had ever touched the fancy of a midnight-oilist. We should give the poem entire were it not that we might be doing an injustice to the three other authors should we, on principle, claim sole authorship. So our readers, owing to the spirit of justice and impartiality that marks our intercourse with our fellowmen, will be deprived of the pleasure of reading "The Beautiful Snow" poem entire.....Theatrical people are daily becoming more and more versed in law business, and all that that implies. Another move has been made in the proceedings connected with the Fifth-avenue Theatre, the result of which will be the reopening of the house on Jan. 26 under the direction of Daniel Harkins, with Brother Fiske left out in the cold; and it is not at all probable that Daniel in the lion's den will call upon his late pard to "Come back, Stephen." Minnie Cummings, too, has had a little more legal experience, and has gained another point in the game of law now going on between the fair Minnie, ha! ha! and the laughing warders. [By laughing warders we mean the parties who are supposed to represent the owners of the Fifth-avenue Hall, otherwise Drawing-room Theatre.—ED.] We notice, too, that Charles Fechter has entered the lists in the field of the cloth of green in a tilt with A. K. McClure of journalistic and political fame in Philadelphia. Such a good, sterling actor as Brother Fechter has proved himself to be might do better to observe the teachings of Hamlet the Dane and bear the ills he has upon the stage, instead of flying to others he knows not of in the public courts. The actor enters suit against the editor for libel. In the expressive language of our sporting friends: "A fair field, no favor, and may the best may win." We wish them both a happy deliverance.....In calling Theodore Thomas the best conductor in the world, Wilhelmj will no doubt excite the ire of all other conductors, some of whom may, in their forced performance with him, play an accompaniment in G, while Williams is playing a brilliant solo in A minor....."Please to publish the subjined verses into your waiyubli paper, and oblige the cuther, a boy of Boiling Green." Such is the introduction to a piece of poetry now lying before us, entitled

A NITE WITH THE SURKIS.

I.

A surkis cum ter town one nite,
He had a hich old surk was she:
Three of us boys smeekt under the tent—
Jack Stone, Sam Biles and me.

II.

A grate, big elerfant stood on his hed—
Oh, it was a sight to see—
So three loud cheers was given the el.
By Stone and Biles and me.

III.

Two cavasmen stood next me and Biles,
The butcher by Stone stood he;
And the clown he laft, and the house it rored,
Whep they bounced Stone, Biles and me.

This is all of the poem we can give. It is of great length, and its object is, doubtless, to cast reflections on canvasmen and candy-butchers, and to heap undeserved ridicule upon circus-managers for permitting their employes to put out deadheads such as "Biles, and Stone and me."—ED.] ..... The persistency with which the public seek the possession of Brother Levy's gold cornet does not meet our approval. This high-toned seizure shows a sincere desire to make Levy's high-toned C, sure. [High-toned C will answer for cornet, or for the C above the ledger-lines. See?—ED.].....That was a sad thing about Mark Bates, wasn't it? It was the first thought that the Police Force sought to mark Bates on their clubs; but happily this was not the case, as the evidence showed that he died of heart-disease, as grim Death cried: "Mark! Time!".....We have a suggestion to make. Professor Edison, the first inventist of the age, is a man who seems to be coming forward with a rush; but he will be a rusher when once he emerges from his seclusion at Menlo Park, and be seen of the people, and this is where our suggestion should take root. Now, if showy sideshowman, sensational manager, or track-walker can hire Edison for twenty-five or thirty dollars a week, he can take him through the rural towns and show him *at immense profit!* This we know. The people are *wild* about him. "We receive thousands of letters every week, from all parts of the country," making us what we don't start out a song with Edison as the principal attraction. This hurts us very much, to hear the clamors of the people, and yet not be able to leave our own pursuits and take to the road with the Professor. Now that we have intimated our opinion of such a show, it is quite likely that Menlo Park will be crowded with showmen, and Edison will be able to make his own terms..... Once, just before leaving, we had a dream—a nightmare consisting of one learned seal and one learned man, the latter recommended to us as a master of languages; but he was a fraud—he *spoke* English well enough, and *played* the German flute! And that was the extent of the learnedness of the learned man. An educated pig, for show purposes, were far better..... Brother Stoddart, of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, is in luck. His complimentary benefit on the 15th realized him nearly three thousand dollars, and that was a good win for George. Although this is not the *original* George who never told a lie, nevertheless, under the circumstances, let us rally round him..... The good ship Pinafore, with her Standard at the fore, carried the voyage on to 150th inst., with "a wet sheet and a flowing sea," and favoring gales abaft. [Those of our readers who are not acquainted with seafaring language can skip these nautical terms, a knowledge of which was gained by us during a lengthy engagement on the Erie Canal.—ED.]..... The part taken by Mr. Ringgold in "My Uncle's Will" at the Standard Theatre has the ring of gold about it, and is remarkable thing about "My Uncle's Will" is that nobody has come forward to contest It....John E. Owens, the favorite actor, turns over a new leaf this week, and appears at the Park Theatre as a Plummer—Caleb Plummer. This is the right kind of weather for plumbers, and they are all doing a brisk business. In this connection we may be permitted to remark that John Owens' Plummer never fails to stop all leaks that may have occurred where others worked before him. .....Mr. Harkins announces that he will reopen the Fifth-avenue Theatre with "Dr. Clyde" and a great cast. This can have no reference to the great cast-out of the other manager. We propose a few lines about

THE REVIVAL AT THE FIFTH.

Afflictions sore long time it bore,
Two nurses worked in vain,
It died; but "Doctor Clyde" will bring
It back to life again.

.....An embryotic showman wants to know whether horned frogs, educated, and put in good working order, would take as a show. That kind of frog is not much in favor. Frogs *without* horns, but with good plump legs, take better. And we desire our valuable correspondent to understand that, in giving this opinion, we have no desire to "bull"-frog the market.....Why doesn't some playwright dramatize the novel "As It May Happen?" The character of the learned barkeeper and the novel barroom scenes would carry it along successfully.....Brother Beecher was announced to lecture in Philadelphia last week on "Amusements;" but the dear brother got sick, and the lecture was postponed. Hadn't Plymouth's rock better stick to his pulpit, and leave amusements for his Brother Talmage?.....The ladies now wear French heeled boots, which are probably more destructive in a free-passage-at-heels than those usually worn. Ladies will find passages-at-arms preferable.....The circus people are quietly enjoying a season of rest and inactivity, although at the same time they are making preparations for the season of 1879. Trained horses are being further instructed in the various specialties that they will be called upon to perform during the coming campaign, and educated mules are likewise having the polish put on them with a view to their utilization when the circus comes to town. The taming of the *comic* mules requires a good deal of care and discretion in their management. One difficulty experienced in the preparation of these funny little creatures is to obtain a sufficiency of the small boy for the mule to work with; for, even in the training-quarters devoted to this comical animal, the mule will kick out with due force and force, much to the disgust of the minor people, quite a number of whom have been scattered over the ring just as though they had been fired out of a Krupp gun. The knowledge of this important truth keeps the small boy at a distance, and causes him to distrust the playfulness of the mule. Were the mules less vigorous, young fellers would exhibit more confidence in the grand upheaval at the close of the act. And clowns! Some of the papers are talking about the days of the clown being at an end, that he has served his purpose, and that he is no longer an attraction in the sawdust arena. Friends, the clown is as much of a necessity as ever he was; no circus would be complete without him; and those who propose to have none but the glorious old clown, the pride of our youthful days and the welcome guest of the present, will make a grievous mistake should they conclude to leave him. Why, the country people would rise in their might and tear into tatters the tents of any circus that ventured into their midst without a clown! The candy-butcher is a strong attraction with our rural friends, we admit; but rather would they forego for a whole season the pleasure and gratification afforded by the eccentricities of the privilege-man than miss the smiling face and the "Here we are again!" of the genius of the ring for a single performance. Bear with us while we compose a few

STRAINS.

Who jumps upon the circus-floor,
And sets the house upon a roar,
And makes it loudly cry for "more!"
The Jester.

Who, when he makes the ten-foot run,
Leaps just as high as anyone,
And then convulses you with fun?
The Jester.

Who sings a song and tells a joke—
But few of which have been in soak—
And keeps the people wide awoke?
The Jester.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Joseph Jefferson is reported to be seriously discussing the expediency of giving Rip Van Winkle a holiday, and consequently of overworking some other character.....

A perplexing ghost-mystery has at last been explained. In her lecture on "The Platform and Stage" at Chickering Hall on the night of the 17th inst., Anna Dickinson confessed that "as a child she used to haunt the door of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia."..... Mrs. Florence Rice Knox the vocalist is to start on another Western tour.....Signor Campanini is to sing in Pike's Opera house, Feb 3..... Von Bulow has conducted the Russian opera "A Life for the Czar," produced for the first time in Germany, at the Opera-house, Hamburg, on the 10th inst. He says the opera is a great success..... The Count Joannes, with Lydia Avonia Fairbanks, gave readings in the Town Hall, New Rochelle, N. Y., on the 16th inst. The audience, emulative of those at the Olympic Theatre, this city, were extremely liberal—in contributions of chairs, tables, feather-beds, etc. A string of live cats were to have been dropped from the gallery, but for some reason the sportive youths of New Rochelle, who should have been home and abed omitted that part of their disgraceful programme..... P. T. Barnum, now a candidate for the U. S. Senatorship from Connecticut, has a very simple platform: "I have not got to hoe in my bonnet as large as a pin's head, and never shall have. I agree with Gov. Hawley that the office is not one to be sought for; but if Connecticut wants my services she can have them, and the public will find their work is diligently attended to by a live man."..... Mme. Gerster and Sig. Campanini have been the guests of Henry W. Longfellow, at Cambridge, Mass..... The management of Niblo's Garden has created a sensation by issuing free complimentary tickets on the night of the 13th inst. the aid of the authorities was invoked. An extra policeman was sent to the theatre, and his presence disheartened the speculators..... The remains of the late Henry J. Mc-Intyre, have just died in England. "Aurelian" is the name of a play Miss Anna E. Dickinson has written for John McCullough. It is of antique human interest. The scenes are laid in Rome and Palmyra (not of New York state). The premiere is that McCullough will appear in the title-role in April next (not April 1), and that Miss Dickinson will portray Queen Zenobia..... Sir Julius Benedict is rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation he recently underwent to restore the sight of one of his eyes, and is said to be completing his new opera, based on Kleist's play "Das Kathchen von Heilbronn." The operation performed upon him by the late Dr. John Ellis, founder of the London Musical Union, has also been successful. At last accounts he was forbidden to read or write, but it was expected that he would shortly resume professional labors..... It is regarded as almost certain that Sarah Bernhardt will be sufficiently advanced in her studies of English to play in that tongue in London next season..... Frank Mordaunt has returned to the bosom of his appreciative family..... Ada Cavendish is shortly to produce "Miss Gwilt" in this city..... Aimee, it is more than likely, will open at the Park Theatre on Easter Monday as Serpolette in "Les Cloches de Corneville."..... Charles Schiller is leading the orchestra at the Standard Theatre, in which Mr. Henderson is not at present directly interested..... "Mother and Son," whose glaring indecencies we pointed out, as well as its absurdities, in reviewing it at its original production in this city, has been refused a license by the British Lord-chamberlain. The London work is Clement Scott's version, and presumptively differs from that brought out at the Union-square under the pretense that it was "by Victorien Sardou," whereas it was his "Bourgeois de Pont-Arc" so "adapted" by someone else as to present absurdities of which no French author, much less Sardou, could have been guilty. By-the-bye, Sardou has published a letter rebuking the literary hacks who tinker with his pieces. They keep shady so long as the garbled play, produced under the prestige of his name, may prove a failure, but claim the major share of the honors if the pot-pourri is kept on the stage for four or five weeks. Apart from the injustice done to the original author, whose name is merely used to give weight to the production, this "literary-hacking" is clearly an imposition upon the public..... Anna Dickinson whose new lecture, "Platform and Stage," is really a graceful tribute to the latter, is to be invited to deliver it in the hearing of actors on some Sunday night..... There is talk of tendering Neil Bryant a benefit at our Academy of Music..... Charles Wyndham has cabled from London to Detroit, Mich., to learn if he can provide a play for Rankin's daughter for production in the British metropolis..... Owing to the premium that feminines place upon dressing-rooms, blood has been spilled in San Francisco; while in Chicago, on the 15th inst., the Marshall Field Furnishing Goods store was any Cherubino until the night had grown old..... J. Holmes Grover's latest project is to establish a floating theatre on Lake Michigan with a seating capacity of one thousand. After the show he proposes to offer his patrons a moonlight and midnight excursion..... The Bowery Theatre Musketeers, who usually call their roll on the stage of that house, will assemble for drill at the armory of the 30th Regt. on the 28th inst., when Jennie will of Jennie Mitchell, whose death occurred in Fourth street, this city, a few weeks ago, has been offered for probate. It is dated April 7, 1878, and is as follows: "I, Jane Mace, now residing in the city of New York under the name of Jennie Mitchell, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament. I give, bequeath and devise all my property, real and personal, of every name and nature, to my mother, Sarah J. Magee of Syracuse, N. Y. I hereby appoint my said mother, Sarah J. Magee, executrix of this my last will, hereby revoking all former wills by me made." ..... There is no prince here in making a wife of Fanny Davenport, actress. She is not the professional of that name who was recently inarried..... The Hyers Sisters are edging towards San Francisco, Cal., with their colored opera..... Mrs. Barton Hill, it is said, contemplates coming East to visit her mother, who has not been strong enough to appear upon the stage this season..... There is to be a charity performance of "Man and Wife" at this city next month. John H. Bird, who recently played Aranza to Genevieve Ward's Juliana at Booth's Theatre, is to take part in it..... William E. Osborne, the veteran actor, was buried in Greenwood Cemetery on the 16th inst. A gentleman who refused to give his name, but who stated that he was in the employ of A. T. Stewart & Co., offered to defray the funeral expenses in large part, which offer the needy family accepted..... Von Bulow gives his only concert in Steinway Hall, the Opera-house on Feb. 10, in Josquin Miller's new play of "Mexico."..... Mark Bates was one of the favored few who have read their obituaries. Some months ago it was chronicled of him that he had dropped dead in Broadway. This proved wrong as to the place, but not very premature. Mark was an especially strong favorite in Brougham's Bijou, as the predecessor of Frank Roche as leading man of Mrs Conway's Theatre..... Mlle. Beatrice, who has so recently died in England, was the great "Woman of the People." It was her intention to play her specialty in the drama in

TONY DENIER'S "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe played in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Jan. 14, 15. Our correspondent says: "The company were greeted by an audience that literally filled the theatre from pit to dome. The performance was lengthy, varied, and the best of its kind ever seen in this city. Grimaldi (Geo. H. Adams) kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. The Columbine of Ada Boshell, Pantaloon of J. C. Franklin, and the Harlequin of Wm. Eunice were effectively done. In the variety ollo Emma Moulton in Indian-club swinging, Clifton and Fox, and Venus and Adonis were noticeably good.....Genevieve Rogers, supported by Frank E. Aiken and a company, commenced an engagement of three nights and a matinee Jan. 16, with a comedy by Charles Gayler, entitled "Cousin Roxy, the Worrit of the School and the Fairy of the Household," written expressly for her, and then acted for the first time on any stage, with the following cast:

CHARACTERS IN PROLOGUE.

Roxy Morgan	Mrs. Rathbone
Genevieve Rogers	Florence Noble
Mrs. Higgins	Mr. Price.....George Harold
Annie Mortimer	Harrie.....Archie Boyd

AN INTERVAL OF FIVE YEARS BETWEEN PROLOGUE AND ACT I

Paul Renwick	Roxy Morgan, Genevieve
Frank E. Aiken	Cousin Roxy. Rogers
John Bristowe	Jas. C. Dunn Mrs. Rathbone.
Col. Mason	Harry Clifton Florence Noble
Jeff	Archie Boyd Alice.....Gracie Hall
Sergeant Keeler	G. W. Devere Dinah.....Anne Mortimer

The play opens with a scene of the Bloomingdale Orphan Asylum and its inmates. Mrs. Rathbone appears and states that she has learned that Roxy is her niece, whose mother ran off to get married to Mr. Morgan, against the wishes of her parents. She explains that Roxy's mother had been deserted by her husband, and had died from a broken heart, after a brief period of married life. Roxy, the toddler, and twins, after his wife's death left for parts unknown, leaving Roxy to the cold charities of the world. Mrs. Rathbone then demands the custody of Roxy for the purpose of adopting her, and the scene ends with the parting of Roxy from her associates, to each of whom she presents a gift. Mrs. Rathbone and Roxy leave for Derwent Hall, Virginia. After a supposed interval of five years, the action of the drama is resumed in a parlor at Derwent Hall, with Mrs. Rathbone, Roxy and Bristow and wife, the latter a daughter of Mrs. Rathbone, all of whom, save Roxy, make their exit after a brief interchange of kind words, when Paul Renwick, Roxy's lover, staggers in, having deserted from the army. He is concealed by Roxy, and then Sergeant Keeler enters, in search of Renwick, and failing to find him, pretends to be intoxicated in order to draw out Renwick, whom he suspects of being in the house. He attempts improper liberties with Roxy, when Renwick, in response to her outcries, makes his appearance, and thus exposes himself to arrest. Cousin Roxy intercedes with Colonel Mason for his pardon, and succeeds in obtaining it. In the second act the characters are all present at a picnic. Mrs. Rathbone suspecting that something wrong is going on between Col Mason and Alice, Bristowe's wife, confides her suspicions to Roxy, who watches and overhears an engagement made for that night to visit the colonel's head quarters. All leave save Jeff and Dinah, who attempted a song-and-dance, in which they failed to please, though retaining the stage for a long time. The third act opens in Col Mason's quarters, and after the entering disguised as a foreign lady, is mistaken for Alice by the colonel. Roxy then makes herself known, and appeals to his better nature not to ruin Alice and destroy the reputation of the family. He consents, and Roxy then conceals herself so that she can witness the interview. Alice is received coldly by the colonel, and the voice of Bristowe, Alice's husband, is heard, which renders it necessary to conceal Alice also. Bristowe enters, sees Alice's shawl, and jokes the colonel at having some fair one concealed, when, noticing his wife's name upon the shawl, he becomes enraged. Matters have been arranged, matters as approaching a climax between Bristowe and the colonel, Roxy appears and claims the shawl, thus saving Alice's reputation at the risk of her own, and is repudiated on the spot by Bristowe, to the delight of her lover, Paul. The fourth act brings the spectator back to Derwent Hall. Roxy is exposed by Bristowe to her aunt, who drives Roxy from her house and home. Roxy still remains silent, and, as she is about to leave, a letter arrives from Colonel Mason, thanking Roxy for what she did the previous night, and stating he has left the State. Roxy refuses Renwick's demand to see the letter, which convinces him that she is guilty. The meeting of Roxy with her lover and the family was quite affecting. Alice eventually tells Mr. Rathbone the whole truth, and Roxy is proven guiltless. The secret is known to no one but Roxy, and Bristowe is kept in blissful ignorance of his wife's palpable unfaithfulness.

Miss Rogers as Cousin Roxy was quite natural in her acting, and rendered her part most acceptably. Mr. Aiken as the lover had but little to do, but that little was given in his usual effective style. Miss Florence Noble as Mrs. Rathbone gave a fine representation of a Virginia lady, and was all that could be desired. Miss Mortimer was fair as the matron, but failed signally as the negro girl, Dinah, a character she showed but little conception of. The same might be said of A. Boyd, who was admirable as Miggles, the orphan, but overdid Jeff. J. C. Dunn as Mr. Bristowe was quite good. The other characters were indifferently performed. The play is not of a nature to have a lengthy run or create much of a sensation. 'Cousin Roxy' was repeated 17, attracting both nights only small attendance. 'Maud Muller' was given for the matinee and the closing performance 18. Modjeska appears 20, 21, 22, to be followed by Leonard Grover's "Boarding house" Company 24, 25, 26, Warde & Barrymore's Combination 27, 28."

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., are thus reviewed by our correspondent, who wrote on Jan. 19:

Despite its old age, Sheridan's tragic play of "Pizarro" is almost new to theatre-goers of to-day. The infrequence of its performance is due probably to the inadaptibility of our modern actors to cope with so rugged and forcible a character as Rolla, though Charles Barron performed the part on the occasion of R. F. McClannin's benefit, at the Boston Museum, on Monday evening, Feb. 5. 1876. It was revived at the Boston Theatre during the week commencing 13, as the feature of John McCullough's annual engagement, he then making his first appearance as Rolla in this city. The play has been newly arranged, and is now presented in six acts, the greatest pains and attention being bestowed upon the scene representing the Temple of the Sun, which is a perfect reproduction of the gorgeous edifice dispersed by the heathen Peruvians on their place of worship dedicated to the sun-god. Into it a grand and imposing procession enters, composed of warriors, guards, priests and priestesses, accompanied by the victim which is to be offered up as a sacrifice. The scene is brilliant with gold and light and richly-appareled soldiery, and forms the great display of the piece, though a landscape, with a burning city in the distance in course of destruction, is highly realistic, and reflects credit on Charles S. Getz, the artist, and his assistant John Sommers, for the delicacy of their art. The cast was as below: Rolla, John McCullough; Ataliba, Mark M Price; Orozembo, C. L. Allen; an Old Blind Man, J. W. Hague; Orano, Gene Wiley; a Boy, Master Joseph Coughlin; High Priest, George R. Titus; Cora, Miss Anna Warren Story; Child of Cora and Alonzo, Little Winnie Shannon; Pizarro, Louis James; Alonzo, Ed. J. Buckley; Almagro, A. J. Chipman; Davilla, H. E. Chase; Gomez, Horace Lewis; Gonzales, E. Y. Backus; Valverde, George Parks; a Sentinel, Mr. Stringer; Elvira, Mrs. Thomas Barry. Mr. McCullough is well adapted physically to the part of Rolla, and the fire and moderation thrown into the great speech to the assembled warriors, familiar and hackneyed though it be, acquired for the actor a position among the elocutionist. His action throughout, though losing none of its force, was moderated by nice judgment, while the flight and death of Rolla was acted with great force and beauty. Mr. Barron's Pizarro was that of an intense and powerful portraiture of Elvira, and so strong was the impression she made that she was rightly summoned before the curtain after the fourth act. Louis James made a fine Alonzo, with good, ringing rant and bombast. E. J. Buckley was specially engaged for Alonzo, which was presented with earnestness and feeling, though he was affected with a harassing cough the night of the first performance. Miss Story was the Cora, and though sometimes overweighted with the long speeches, was on the whole acceptable. C. L. Allen in his brief scene as Orozembo was perfect. The enmity he bore the invading Spaniard, and Mark M. Price as Ataliba acted with quiet but strong effect. S. E Springer as the Spanish Sentinel was effective in his few lines, and the other gentlemen of slight importance did well. The vocal music was sung by Geo R. Titus as the High Priest and a large chorus of male and female voices, and the numbers were satisfactorily rendered. The scenery during the piece was performed by Eugene Tompkins who is entitled to the credit of placing "Pizarro" upon the stage better than ever before in this city. The houses have been fair in size. It will be further continued till 24, when "Julius Cæsar" will be substituted, with Miss Emily Gavin in a leading character. Matinee 23, "Virginius;" evening, "Richard the Third." Denman Thompson closed a successful engagement with "The Old Homestead" to houses during the four weeks' run of "Joshua Whitcomb" being always good and during the latter week only limited by the size of the theatre. A benefit event occurred Saturday evening of 18, when the lady and gentlemen employes of R. H. White & Co. to the number of four hundred and forty, visited the theatre by invitation of the firm. The performance existing between employer and employe was manifested first by the applause with which the superintendent, John F Ham, was greeted when he took his seat, and later in the evening when William C. and J. A. Honsted and M Mr. White were introduced to their seats. The actors also seemed imbued with the good nature of their auditors, and a most amusing and entertaining performance was given. A supper, which was presented by the firm with a mammoth emblematic pumpkin, filled and entwined with beautiful flowers, and a magnificent bouquet was presented Miss Julia Wilson. A New England Dinner will be commenced by the company appearing in Lynn, Mass., 20, Salem 21, Manchester, N. H., 22, Lawrence, Mass., 23, Lowell 24, Meriden, Ct., 25, Hartford 27, Keene, N. H., 28, Woonsocket, R. I., 29, Providence 30, St. Paul, Minn., 31, Brooklyn 3, one week. The present attractions at the Gaiety are Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight and company in "Otto."..... At the Boston Museum, afternoon of 18, "H. M. S. Pinafore" in its sixty-first and last performance, having been played a greater number of times than any other piece produced here for years. In connection with it was also performed 13, 14, 17, "A Cool Tea" and "Box and Cox" afternoon and evening of 15 and night of 16 a revival of "A Counterfeit Presentment" and the farce "Seeing Warren" was made. Messrs. Crisp, Haworth and Hudson assuming the parts played last season by Lawrence Barrett, Frank G. Cotter and B. F. McClannin, Mrs. Fred. Williams replacing Laura Le Clair as Mrs. Ransom. Evening of 18 for Henry Crisp's benefit, "A Happy Pair," "Partners for Life" and "Robert Macaire," as given, to a crowded house. Business on "Pinafore" nights excellent, but Mr. Howells' drama drew lightly. 20, engagement of Lawrence Barrett, who essays "Richelieu." "My Son" and "Olivia" will be revived during the season. Mr. R. F. McClannin's benefit, 23, will be played by the Museum company in Salem, Mass., 20, Lawrence 21, Haverhill 22, Lowell 23, Providence, R. I., 24, 25, New Bedford, Mass., 26, 27, Fall River 28, Worcester 29, Springfield 30, Hartford, Ct., 31, New Haven Feb. 1. "Evangeline" closed a successful two weeks' run at the Globe Theatre 18, the only change to be noted being the substitution of Laura Joyce for Clara Fisher as the heroine. 20, for one week, the New York Standard Theatre Company in "Almost a Life," in which will appear Maud Granger, Virginia Buchanan, Ella Mayer, Sadie Bigelow, Ehen Pitt-ston, Charles Lecleroq, M. C. Daly, Walter Treville, Gustavus Levick, Harry Estione, E. H. Stephens and H. A. Weaver. 27, Barney Macauley and Combination in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section."..... The first benefit of the Boston Lodge B. and P. O. Elks will be given at the Boston Theatre afternoon of 23, and promises to be the event of the season, every theatre in the city being represented. An opening address will be given by Mayor Prince; the dramatic and music a part of the programme will consist of the fifth act of "The Merchant of Venice," by the Boston Theatre company; Miss Isabella Stone in vocal selections; several members of the tableau fifth of "Almost a Life," by the Standard Theatre company; Gus Williams in German songs; Ed. J. Buckler in recitations; Dan J Maguiness as "The Irish Tutor;" a third act of "Ours," by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight and company; Georgie Dean and William F. Sounding in harp solos; Tony Pastor and company will appear; also Charles Vivian, Harry Montague, Forest and Francis, Edmond Hayes, the Arcadian Club, Edwin Byron, Frank Carlos, Williams and Lesher Sidney Burt, members of the Norcross Dramatic Academy, Boylston Museum company, Henry C. Brown, cornet-soloist; the tableaux of "The Coonatch Club" will be given by James S. Maffitt, N. D. Jones, E. S. Tarr, and members of the "Evangeline" company; and the combined orchestras of the Boston, Globe, Gaiety, Boston Museum, Howard Athenæum and Bowdoin Museum, led by their respective conductors, will unrush the music. Stage-managers, James S. Maffitt and E. S. Tarr. The managers of the different theatres have kindly and all co-operated to make the benefit not only highly attractive to the public, but remunerative to the excellent Order ..... William R. Deutsch has been in town arranging for the appearance of Dion Boucicault and Aimee.....Clara Morris and Ada Cavendish will appear at one of our theatres in the early Spring..... R. J. Dillon, Harry Coulter and the Misses Fannie Francis and Kate Forsyth have been added to the company supporting Robson and Crane.....The Colville Folly Company will pay us a visit during the season..... "The Exiles," with the Boston Theatre company and effects, is soon to be revived at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, the body of Mark Bates the actor, who died in Philadelphia during the past week, is expected to arrive in the city to-day. .....H. A. McGinnis has been confined to the house the past week by illness.....Miss Emmie Wilson appeared in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" and "A Comedy of Errors" at the Germania Theatre 20..... A translation and adaptation from the German entitled "The Two Vivandieres" has been completed by Mrs. F. B. Byrne of Boston..... "Baby" will be produced by Charles H. Thayer and company in Providence, R. I., 20, 21, 22, 23, and New Haven, Ct., 24, 25..... Richard Mansfield and company perform in Pittsfield, Mass., 20, Springfield 21, Worcester 22, Portland, Me., 23, 24, 25..... Anthony A Parsons's company in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are to be in Thomasville, Ga., 20, Hartford 21, Bristol 22, Gloucester 23, New Britain 24, New Haven 25..... Edwin Byron the boy tragedian, who was enjoined from performing "A Celebrated Case" in Lynn, Mass., early in the season, has been paid $300 by Shook & Palmer in lieu of damages and expenses incurred. This action ends the suit, and gives Mr. Byron a right to play the piece.

MANAGER HAVERLY transferred his theatre in Chicago, Ill., into a bower of beauty for the opera season, says our correspondent, continuing: "New carpets were laid throughout the auditorium. New and elegantly furnished cloak and retiring rooms were prepared on each floor. The vestibule and main floor were handsomely trimmed with evergreens, the fronts of the balconies and boxes having the additional decoration of baskets of flowers, while the front of the proscenium arch was filled with harps, triangles, and wreaths done in evergreens, the centre design being a crown with the letter 'H' on the left-hand side, 'M' above, and 'O' on the left-hand side, underneath all being the full word 'Mapleson.' The outer entrances were canopied and he steps were carpeted. Monday night, 13, opened to a brilliant assemblage, the large auditorium being two-thirds full. 'Carmen' was the opera, and Minnie Hauk won an enthusiastic reception in the title-role. Campanini was strong as Don Jose, though suffering some from hoarseness the first night. Del Puente made a fine Escamillo, gaining an encore for his solo in the second act. The sweet voice of Mme. Labiache was heard to advantage as Mercedes. The rest of the cast were commendable. The incidental ballet by Palladino and assistants was admirably done. 14, Mme. Gerster made her first appearance as Amina in 'La Sonnambula' to a house filled in every part, and created a perfect furor of enthusiasm. Frapolli lent excellent aid as Elvino, while Foli proved himself a rich baritone as Rodolfo. 'La Sonnambula' was repeated matinee 18. 'Marriage of Figaro' 15, with Marie Roze as Susannah, Minnie Hauk as Cherubino, Mme. Parodi as the Countess, Mme. Labiache as Marcellina, Sig. Galassi as Figaro and Del Puente as Almaviva. 16, 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' in which Gerster won new triumphs in the title-role, well aided by Campanini, Galassi and Foli. 17, 'Il Trovatore,' with Roze as Leonora, Mme. Labiache as Azucena, Sig. Gillandi (his first appearance in America) as Manrico, and Sig. Galassi as the Count di Luna. 'Carmen' was repeated night of 18. The second week opens with Gerster in 'Rigoletto.' So far the opera season has been a success. Manager Haverly has been ill with malarial fever ever since 11, but is now convalescent.....At Plymouth Church 14 the Adelaide Phillipps concert company, aided by Mrs. Laura E. Dainty in readings, gave a successful entertainment.....The night of 15 some trouble occurred between Minnie Hauk and Marie Roze regarding dressing-rooms, the former claiming that the latter took the room belonging to her. Miss Hauk at first retired in great dudgeon to her hotel, but the affair was finally amicably settled."

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Indianapolis, Ind., the Hyer Sisters' Combination opened Jan. 13 to a fair house, producing on that date and 14 "Uritha the African Princess." Two performances were given 15, "Out of Bondage" comprising the bill. The attendance on the latter date was poor, owing to rain. The Hyer Sisters and Mr. Lucca were hardly at their best. Mr. Wallace King's tenor singing was quite a feature, and Billy Kersands, who has replaced Sam Lucas in the company, was last here, made a good impression in his specialties. Route: Decatur, Ill., 16, Amboy 17, Dixon 18, Sterling 20, Morrison 21, Clinton, Ia., 22, Cedar Rapids 23.....The Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell filled out the rest of the week, opening 16 to a moderate sized though well-entertained attendance. The features were Annie Berger's cornet-playing and Mr. Russell's character impersonations. The latter made a hit. Letter of Jan. 17.

NEWS FROM CHICAGO, ILL., up to Jan. 18, is sent by our correspondent as follows: "At Hooley's John Dillon and company have done a very fair business. That peculiarly eccentric comedian, who is almost always such a favorite in Chicago, appeared in 'All and Glitters is not Gold' and 'The Quiet Family' 13, 14, 18, 'Everybody's Friend' and 'To Oblige Benson' 15, 16 and matinee 18; for his benefit 17 'His Last Legs,' 'Irish Lion' and 'Too Much for Good Nature.' The support by the company was fair, those prominently excellent being John W. Blaisdell, William Lloyd and Miss Lettie Allen. They go to Milwaukee 20. Opening here: Jos. Murphy and company.....At McVicker's 'Rosedale' was revived to light business. The coming week 'Green Bushes.' The week following 'Two Women,' a new drama by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, for the first time on any stage. .....Marcus Moriarty and wife (Marian Lester) and Dan Fitzpatrick left the 'Our Boarding-house' Company, Len Grover Jr. (Harry Little), manager, at Macon, Ga., and arrived here 15. Yankee Robinson joined the Forbes Company at Faribault, Minn., 13.....Miss Tillie McHenry left 15 to join the Emma Leland Combination in Kansas City.....Charles Thornton returned from a reported successful tour with 'Simon Kenton' 15. He has been engaged by the Kiraify Brothers to play O'Pake in "Around the World in Eighty Days' at Haverly's 27. .....Harry Hapgood has engaged H. Tilla and wife, M. W. Fiske, Frank Sanger, Burton Stanley, and Miss Susie Parker for his 'Chips' Combination.....Jake Murray left 12 for Winchester, Va., to join the New Orleans Minstrels.....Collier's 'A Celebrated Case' Company and Hinds' 'Shaughraun' and 'Shamus O'Brien' Company played at opposition houses in Bloomington, Ill., 16, 17. Marcus Moriarty and Marian Lester open with the Kiraify party in 'The Black Crook' in Milwaukee 20; at Haverly's for the week after in 'Around the World in Eighty Days.'"

IMOGENE and a company played "Nature" in Troy, N. Y., Jan. 13 and 14, and "La Cigale" 15, to light business, as well as Barney Macauley played 17, 18. He failed to connect 16, owing to being snowed in near Fulton, N. Y. His Uncle Dan'l impersonation pleased two fair audiences. The military drama "Our Heroes" occupies the boards for the week ending 25, under the auspices of the Tibbits Veteran Corps, who appear in the dialogue, as well as in drills and camp scenes. T. G. Riggs, Murray Woods, Estelle Clayton, and the Phillips Brothers, professionals, are engaged to strengthen the cast.....Next month Post Willard, G. A. R., will bring out "The Patriot Sons of '76."

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, Lawrence Barrett appeared in a round of legitimate dramas last week to poor business, except towards the last, when a slight improvement was manifested. He opened in "Richelieu" Jan. 13, played Hamlet 14. "Marble Heart" at the matinee and "King Lear" on the night of 15. He repeated "Richelieu" and "Hamlet" 16, 17, and a full house he appeared as Shylock and David Garrick, closing on Saturday with "Richard III." This week Mrs. D. P. Bowers and J. C. McCollom appear. Miss Rosa Rand is to have a complimentary benefit 28.....The Court-square Theatre reopens 20 with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by John P. Smith's Combination, under the lesseeship of Mr. Staples.

C. D. BOWERS, manager for Imogene, states that the lady has been quite successful in her starring tour, and that managers wishing dates must apply at once, as her time is being rapidly filled. In a card elsewhere an extract from the Troy press speaks of her cordial reception in that city recently.

SAM BOLTER, comedian, and Fanny Hooker, soubrette, advertise for an engagement with a traveling company. See advertisement.

ADA CAVENDISH opened in "As You Like It" at the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Jan. 13, supported by T. W. Davey's Company. On 15 "The Lady of Lyons" was acted, followed 16 by "The New Magdalen" for the rest of the week. Business opened poorly, but increased rapidly each night. The Park Theatre Company opened Bronson Howard is here (his home), and will superintend the production of his plays. "A Celebrated Case" party return 27 for one week. .....The Grand Opera-house has been closed all week excepting 13, when a local lecture was given, and no attractions are announced for the week of 20.

LOTTA and company opened in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre Jan. 14 for three nights, playing "Musette," "Zip," and "La Cigale." The house was filled at each performance, and the support was far above the average, Messrs. Ed Marble and P. A. Anderson being specially noticeable. The party go to Nashville 17, 18, Louisville, Ky., 20, one week, Indianapolis, Ind., 27, 28, 29, Chattanooga 31, Terre Haute 31, Evansville Feb. 1, St. Louis Mo., 3, two weeks, Cincinnati, O., 17, for a like period. J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore open 13 Memphis 20, for one week.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS, assisted by J. C. McCollum, presented "Mirah" at Albaugh's Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 13. The play is a strong addition to the star's repertory, and was repeated 14, 15. "Lady Audley's Secret" was acted 16, "Ingomar" and "A Jealous Wife" 17, "East Lynne" matinee 18, "Lucretia Borgia" and "The Idiot Witness" at night. The noteworthy event of the week was the return of the regular stock, who have been supporting Maggie Mitchell for the last eight weeks. Business fair. Mrs. Bowers opens in Brooklyn 20, and C. W. Barry at this house same date .....Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Combination, with George H. Adams ("Grimaldi"), are to appear in Ford's Grand Opera house for one week, commencing 20.

NOJOEDKA, supported by Manager H. J. Sargent's Dramatic Company, occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., the past week, appearing in "Camille," "Frou-Frou," "East Lynne," "Adrienne," and "Romeo and Juliet." The support rendered was fair to good. Attendance satisfactory. Warde & Barrymore's Combination appear 20. Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau 27..... Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" party did an excellent business at Ford's Opera-house 16, 17 and 18.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 13, Kate Claxton commenced a three nights' engagement in "The Double Marriage." She was well supported by her company, and drew well-filled houses during her stay. The Rollin Howard Opera-bouffe Company opened 16 in "East Lynne." Mr. Howard appeared before the curtain on the second night of his engagement, and apologized for the weakness of his company by stating that several of the leading members of it had left within a short time, and that he was unable to fill their places. The result was very poor business after the first night. Miss Effie Ellsler opens a week's engagement 20.

A PARTNER WITH CAPITAL is wanted for a theatre. See Grahame's card.

ACLAND VON BOYLE has made a hit in personating the Chinese character Sing Foo in the drama of "Marked for Life." He can be addressed as per advertisement.

WILHELMJ was to have given a concert at Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 17.

MUSICAL.

EDWIN FRENCH the banjoist announces his time filled until October. He is engaged with Tony Pastor's company until Feb. 9; with the minstrels, Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, Pa., until April, when he joins Tony Pastor's Traveling Company for the Summer season.

S. S. STEWART, banjoist and vocalist, advertises that he can be engaged for first-class entertainments. He does not give performances in black face. At his rooms in Philadelphia, Pa., all articles in his line of business, such as instruments, music, etc., can be obtained.

THE ENTIRE OUTFIT for a bellringing company, particulars in regard to which are given in a card elsewhere, is offered for sale by W. P. Spaulding.

A BASS SINGER, also an alto and a tenor, are wanted for a quartet for variety business. See A. B. Sherman's card.

FRANK B. CONVERSE arranges music for the banjo to order. Mr. Converse is the author of several works on the instrument and in W. A. Pond & Co.'s card elsewhere a list of his books and some of his more prominent adaptations can be found.

"FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT" and "Gentle Heart, be True," are the titles of two new songs-and-dances advertised by M. Lorman.

"E. M. S. PINAFORE" is attracting a liberal share of patronage at the Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where it is now in its third week. The company participated in a telephonic concert with Elizabeth, N. J., Jan. 14.

PROF. A. J. STAMM advertises that his orchestra of eight or more pieces can be engaged for the tenting season.

AL. BAUM, whose address find elsewhere, publishes banjo and other instrumental music and banjo-songs.

THE MARTINEZ ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY appear at the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Jan. 27, 28, 29.

CAMILLA URSO and company, who performed in Grand Haven, Mich., Jan. 18, are billed in Grand Rapids 20, Muskegon 21, Big Rapids 22, Dowagiac 23.

THE THIRTEENTH SEASON of orchestral concerts of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, Md., will commence Jan. 25, and will consist of five concerts and five public rehearsals —the rehearsals on Friday afternoons, and the concerts on Saturday evenings. The orchestra will be assisted by Jenny Busk, H. A. Huss, Eliss Baraldi, Katy Bender, Madame Falk-Auerbach, and Courtlander, Green, Schomann, Ritter, and the Liederkranz Society.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB OF BOSTON is to give a concert in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 21. Mrs. H. F. Knowles will assist.

THE LILLIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY are billed in Albany, N. Y., Jan. 24, 25.....Remenyi, Julia Rive-King, Remmertz and others concertize 23.

A PRICE LIST of John Magee's violins, guitars, etc., can be found in his card elsewhere.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM BOSTON, MASS.—An organization for the study and practice of church music, under the title of the New England Church Music Association, has been recently formed in Boston..... Edwin A. Perry, basso, assisted by Miss Clara Poole, contralto, gave a concert in Hawthorne Hall 13.....The Cheney Concert Company gave a concert in the Somerset course of entertainments at Tremont Temple 15..... The Enterpe, a new musical society, gave a first and successful concert at Mechanics' Hall 15 .....Louise and Jeanne Doucet, proteges of Colonel Mapleson, gave a pianoforte recital at Mechanics' Hall afternoon of 16.....Colonel Mapleson may give five weeks of Italian opera at the Boston Theatre in the Spring..... It is the intention of John K. Paine to give a series of chamber concerts at Harvard College by the artists engaged for the Enterpe concerts.....A concert for the benefit of James Thomas was given in North Weymouth 17.....A concert will be given in Parker Memorial Hall 19 by Miss Marie Harvey, soprano, assisted by Miss Nellie S. Bartlett, impersonator..... The Lyceum orchestra give a concert at Amory Hall 19.....A sacred concert is announced for 19 at the Orthodox Hebrew Fair..... The regular Saturday-evening concerts at Music Hall building will occur 19, the performers being the Ninth-regiment Band, led by N. C. Higgins, Miss Amy Ames, Paul Adams, Hugo Ziegler, and Miss Lillie Berg. Higgins, pianist and accompanist..... The tenth concert in the Gaiety Theatre course will be given 19 by Miss Clara Fisher, Eugene O. Jepson, Germania Band, led by Carl Zerrahn, and Fred Boscha, pianist. Mrs. Louis Schirmer will be the recipient of a complimentary concert at Music Hall 20, when she will be aided by Signor Brignoli, Miss Ira Welsh, Clarence Hoey, S. Liebling, the Mendelssohn Quartet Club and Sumner L. Cowley, accompanist..... The Harvard Glee Club give a concert at the Walnut street Chapel, Roston Highlands, 21.....A musical entertainment will be given by the Orpheus Society in the hall of the Bowdoin Young Men's Christian Association 23.....The next concert of the Harvard Musical Association occurs at Music Hall 30, and will be assisted by the appearance of J. A. Preston, A. W. Foote and J. W. Sumner, pianists..... The next concert of the Cecilia Club will be given in Music Hall 31 and Feb. 5.....MAX STRAKOSCH and his Italian opera troupe are to appear in Boston for a week. The Spanish Opera Company appear in Bridgeport, Ct., 20, 21, Norwalk 22. Advices of Jan. 19.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS IN HAVANA, CUBA.—There has been an attempt to start a little "Italian Opera" business at the Teatro de la Paz, which was happily checked by the watchfulness of Sig. Muzio. The matter as explained to our correspondent is as follows: "The subscription amounts to $40 982, the receipts for the month of January to $1 000, leaving over $34,316, and the debts and all expenses, was $15 632; but, when the financial loan cannot be carried through, the subscribers say there are no money, and for two weeks I paid no salaries, the artists interested in the meanwhile quarreling between themselves. Sig. Muzio went to the Captain general, and, after a hearing, decided that all the artists should be paid, and that the theatre, becoming personally responsible for the salaries. The operas played during the week were 'Dinorah,' 'Rigoletto' twice and 'The Forces of Destiny.' Signor Rosati of the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe is expected in Havana 22. 'Aida' is in preparation."

VARIETY HALLS.

"THE SERPENT'S STING," with George A. Hill as Edward Wilton, was a prominent feature at Nachman's Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., the past week The play abounds in many strong and telling situations, all of which the star made the most of. The ollo embraced Raymond and Murphy, Irish songs-and-dance; Prof. H. M. Parker and his dogs; Thatcher and Hume, acrobatic song-and-dance men; Bob Sclaven and his banjo; and John and Maggie Fielding in musical sketches. Business good. Departures 18: Thatcher and Hume, to Brooklyn; Raymond and Murphy, to Philadelphia; Prof. Parker and dogs, to Washington; George A. Hill, to Boston; and Bob Sclaven and his dog, Collyer, no date. Dan Collyer returns Feb. 5 for a benefit. E. T. Stetson is billed for 20, along with Mullen and Magee, Laura and Eunice Moore and Mayo and Fash.... The best show of the week was given at Kernan's Central Theatre, where the following appeared: Dan Mason, Teutonic vocalist; Jacob Riley, an excellent juggler; Elsie Carnissa, vocalist; Rolfair, musician, in a number of tricks; Frank Lewis, a refined motto-singer; Campbell and Burke; Lillie, Minnie and Belle La Verde in songs-and-dances; Erba Robeson, vocalist; Tommy and Annie Dayton in quick changes and wellsung songs; and Niles and Evans in their well-known absurdities. Business good. Departures 18: The La Verde Sisters, the Daytons and Rolfair, to Washington; Campbell and Burke to Jacob Riley and Elsa Carnissa, to Philadelphia; and Niles and Evans, to New York. For 20 are announced W. H. Langdon, Mlle. Emma, and Louis Alfredo, Pauline and Emile Aims, Prof. Goroux, Louise Murio and J. W. Berkeley. Charles A. Burke of Campbell and Burke, is said, is to be married in New York Jan. 26 to Miss Maggie Anderson, a resident of that city. Kernan and Collins have leased the restaurant lately held by Manager Nachman of the Front, and have placed R. S. Parker there as superintendent. Mr. Parker was for several years treasurer of this house..... The arrivals at the Odeon were Beatrice Vernon and Nellie Abbott, fair serio-comics. Business good. Manager E. M. Castine has recovered from his late illness. R. Harris of the Continental Three is to join Bob Sclaven at Front-street Theatre 27. Departures 18: Julia Wanzer, New York; Ross and Julia Bennett, Welsh, Morris and Harris and Lottie Winnett to Philadelphia. For 20: Healy, Conway, Ella Saunders, Frank and Clara Mara and Mlle. Russelle..... The Alhambra Varieties opened its doors 13 The people were J. H. Woodie, W. T. Murphy, John Freeman, Robert Barron, Kate Morese, Mlle. Artine, Clara Miller, Stella Raymond, Clara Hamilton, Effie Stewart, Ettie Wilson. Billed for next week are Marie Davids, Ella Lawton and Belle Mellville. George L. Hall is business and stage manager.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., business was unusually good the past week. The new attractions were Perry and Magrew, Lillie Howe, Octavia, and Thompson and Russell. Magee, Harry Lester, Nora Wright, Minnie Oscar Gray, and W. T. Stephens, in the sensational drama of "Saved from the Storm." The departures 18 were Minnie Oscar Gray and W. T. Stephens, to Pittsburg; Harry Woodson, to Newark, N. J.; Perry and Magrew, Lillie Howe and Octavia, to Philadelphia; and Russell and Magee, to Baltimore. Opens 20: Leonard and Ryan, La Verde Sisters, Lou Vavasour, Tommy and Annie Dayton, and Professor Parker and dogs.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., business was good the past week. James Wheeler in Indian-club exercises proves to be a good card. Nona Hawkins, Lizzie Alden and Mollie Wilson, to join 20. Vavasour and Shields, to Newark, N. J. Booked for 20: Fields and Hanson, Mulligan and Morris, "Punch" Walton, Jessie Forrester, Terry and Maggie Ferguson, Sheehan and McGlone, Emma Rice, Howard and Alton, Mullaly and Fenton. Business from fair to good.

AT THE VOLKS' THEATRE, Brooklyn, the artists this week include Mr. Kearney, the French Twin Sisters, Flora Moore, Foley and Sheffer, Clara Moore, Thatcher and Hume, Dick Rowe and Howard and Thompson. At the Olympic, Pierce L. Jarvis took a farewell benefit on Jan. 18, the only night of the week the place was open..... At the Mozart Theatre a transformation has taken place. The stage has been entirely removed, and the parquette has been raised and floored over, it being designed to make it a walking-track hall for pedestrians in future.

AT LOW'S OPERA-HOUSE, Providence, R. I., May Fiske's Troupe of English Blondes are billed for three nights this week.....At the Theatre Comique good-sized audiences prevailed during the past week, notwithstanding the stormy weather. Announced for this week are the Ronaldo Brothers, Harry Bennett, Prof. Neil Smith and dogs, James and Susie Dillon, Sol and Julia Aikins, Edward C. Smith and John H. Byrne.

THE HUME BROTHERS—Sam and Harry—advertise that they can be engaged. Business: Chinese and black face songs and-dances.

HYDE & BEHMAN, proprietors and managers of Volks' Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., direct all communications to be sent to them, as E. D. Gooding is no longer connected with their house. Performers are wanted. See card.

DEATH OF WM. GINIVEN.—Our Cincinnati, O., correspondent, writing on Jan. 18, states that "a letter just received by Ned Barry contains the news of the death of Billy Giniven, in Leadville, Col." Deceased was a clever song-and-dance performer, and for several years was a partner of Charles Gilday. While performing in Deadwood, D. T., about two years ago, both performers got married, and shortly thereafter dissolved copartnership. Of late Mr. Giniven had been performing with his wife, professionally known as Frankie Lee.

VARIETY PEOPLE are wanted at the Theatre Comique, Williamsburg, N. Y. See advertisement.

NED STRAIGHT, song-writer, advertises elsewhere.

AGNES ROBERTSON, an operatic vocalist who had been connected with most of the leading variety theatres, died on Sunday, Jan. 12, in Philadelphia, Pa., of consumption, after a lingering illness. She played her last engagement in Cincinnati, O., about three years ago, and has since lived in retirement. She leaves a husband and three children. She was buried in Woodland Cemetery, West Philadelphia, Pa., on Jan. 17.

GEO. W. THOMPSON succeeded in filling the Olympic, Fort Wayne, Ind., nightly during his engagement, which terminated Jan. 18. "Tacup," "Jake Lowenstein" and "Rip Van Winkle" were presented, giving the best of satisfaction, the support rendered by the local stock being very acceptable. An interesting olio was furnished by Cummings and Hines, song and-dance; Ella Heflin, a dashing jig-dancer; Harry and Leone Mendel, Dutch burlesque;

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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CONTENTS:

ASTRONOMICAL.—Eclipses, Movable Festivals, etc.
AQUATIC PERFORMANCES.—International Rowing Races.
College Regatta Races.
College Match Races.
Northwestern A. B. A. Regatta Winners.
American Championship Boat Races.
British Sculling Championship.
National Amateur Regatta Winners.
Saratoga Amateur Regatta Winners.
AMATEUR ATHLETICS.—Winners of American Intercollegiate Athletic Sports.
American Amateur Champion Athletes.
English Amateur Champion Athletes.
Canadian Amateur Champion Athletes.
By the Old Stream, illustrated poem.
By the Sea, illustrated poem.
BASEBALL.—The Professional Arena.
Model League Games.
The International Arena.
Model International Games.
Victories over League Clubs.
Noteworthy Contests of 1878.
College Championship.
CRICKET.—Highest Scores in America during 1878.
CALENDARS.
FASTEST RECORDED TIMES, Etc.
The Turf.
Rowing.
Pedestrianism.
Ocean Steamships.
Bicycle Racing.
Fire Engines, Hose Companies, etc.
Jumping.
Rifle-shooting.
Railroads.
Miscellaneous.
Trap-shooting.
Swimming.
Sailing Vessels.
Yachting.
River Steamers.
Prize Ring.
Weight-lifting.
Baseball.
Snowshoe Racing.
Skating.
Ratting.
Notable Performances not Records.
Gold, Apparent Fluctuations of.
History of Amusements in America from 1686.
How Birds and Beasts are Grouped.
Interest Tables.
La Rouge Camella, illustrated story.
Mail Time to Prominent Cities.
Moorish Maiden, The—illustrated poem.
Postage, Rates of, etc.
Receipts of Seven Great Fairs.
Religious Denominations.
Statistics of Population, etc.
Scene-shifter's Story, The
Spring, frontispiece poem.
Sporting Chronology from 1719.
Steamship Disasters.

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